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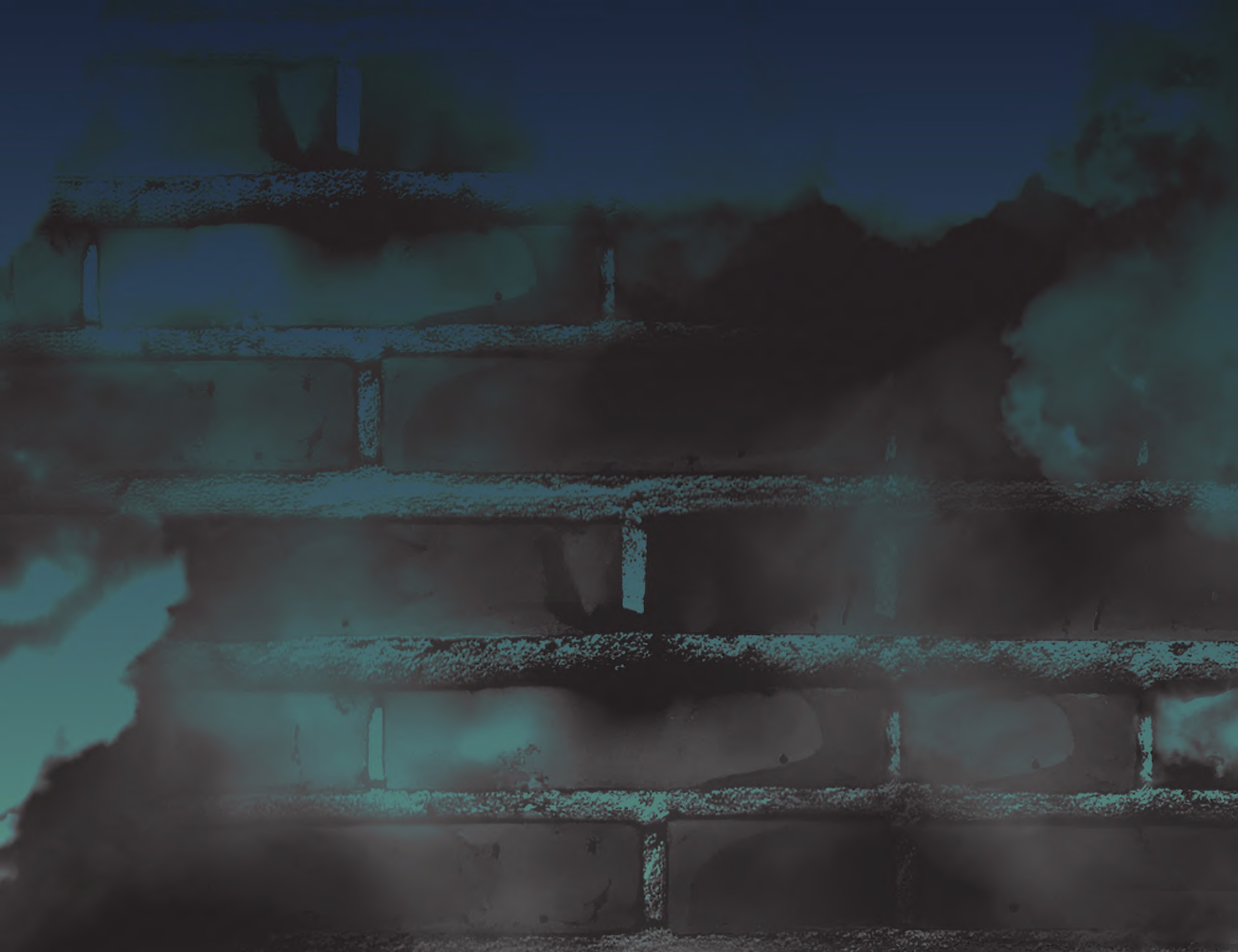
BATMAN:™ GOTHAM by GASLIGHT

THE·KRYPTONIAN·AGE

DC's Elseworlds imprint returns to the story that started it all, *Gotham by Gaslight*. The Dark Knight uncovers a mystery beyond the confines of Gotham City, but is the world ready for the new threats being brought to light in the dawn of the Kryptonian Age?



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GOTHAM
by GASLIGHT
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THE · KRYPTONIAN · AGE

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BATMAN CREATED BY **BOB KANE**
WITH **BILL FINGER**

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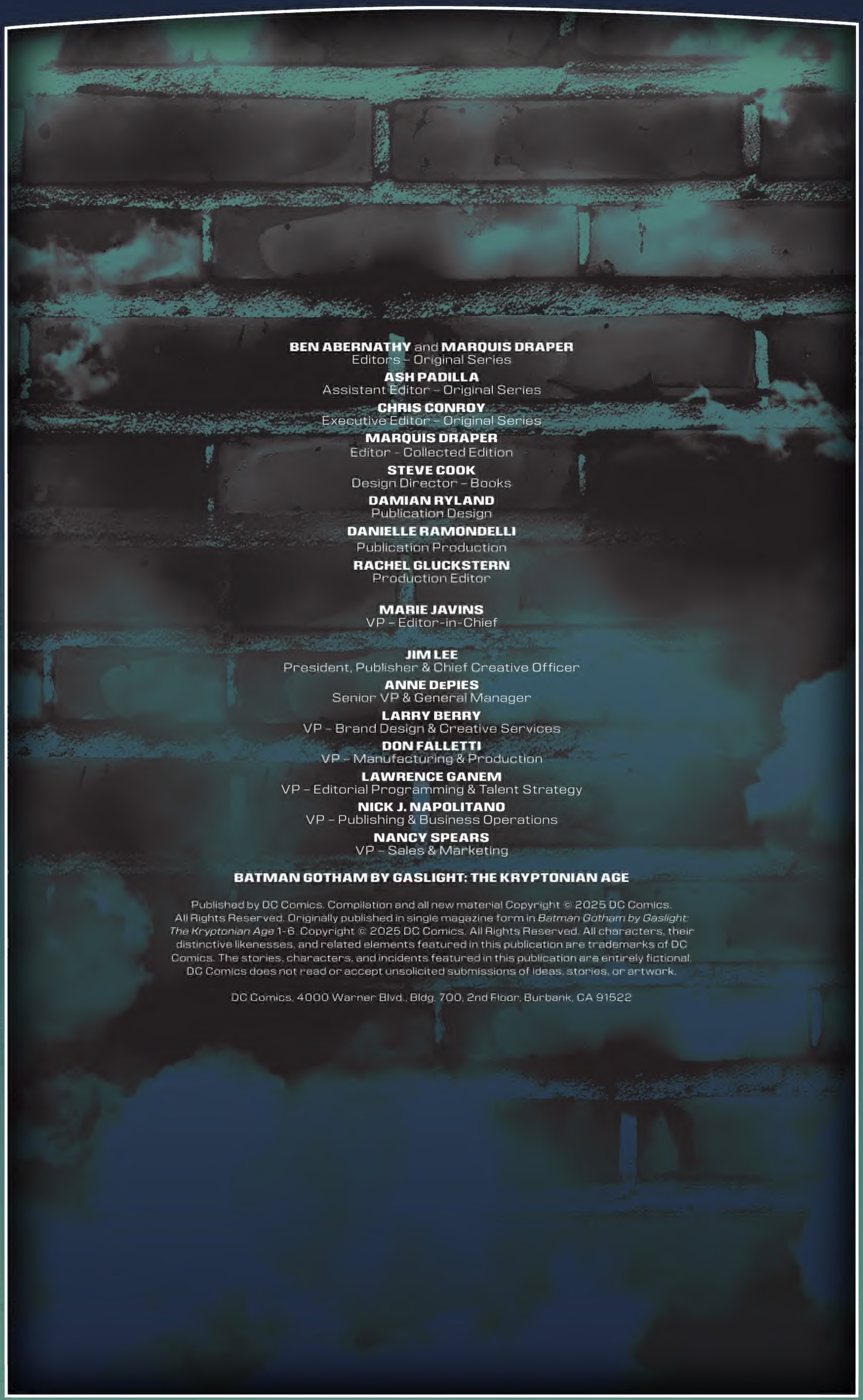

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BATMAN GOTHAM BY GASLIGHT: THE KRYPTONIAN AGE

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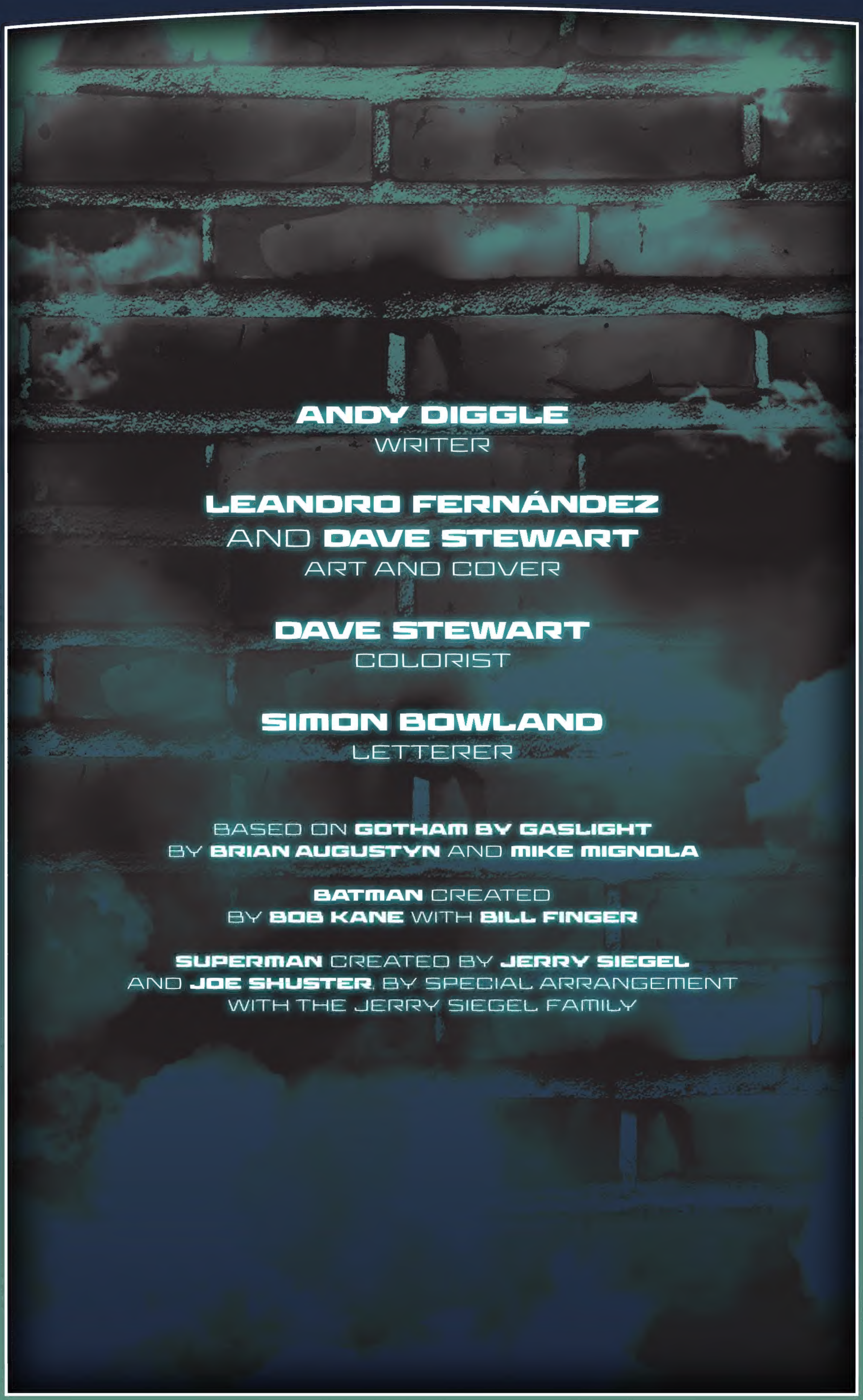
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KANSA TRIBAL TERRITORY, 1860.

"I would sing of your ships and their cargoes...

"The proud black ships of Manhattan arriving, some fill'd with immigrants, some from the isthmus with cargoes of gold...

"To all that hitherward comes would I welcome give..."

THE STARS ARE COMING OUT.

I DID SO MISS THEM, BACK IN THE CITY. ALL THAT SMOKE AND SOOT. MADE ME FEEL LIKE I WAS *SMOTHERING.*

THAT'S ALL BEHIND US NOW, MARTHA. FROM HERE ON OUT, NAUGHT BUT OPEN RANGE AND CLEAN COUNTRY AIR.

JUST ABOUT BEATS ALL, I RECKON.

AND SOON WE'LL HAVE A PLACE TO CALL OUR OWN...

THAT'S ASSUMIN' WE MAKE IT THAT FAR.

JONATHAN KENT, DON'T YOU ***DARE*** PUT A JYNX ON US!

YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL CHIEF ***BLACK CONDOR*** GAVE US ***PERMISSION*** TO CROSS THE KANSA'S TERRITORY.

IT AIN'T THE KANSA WORRIES ME--IT'S OL' ***PEGASUS*** HERE.

HE'S A LITTLE LONG IN THE TOOTH FOR A TREK OF THIS MAGNITUDE, AN' I FEAR HIS ***VIGOR*** AIN'T ALL IT ONCE WAS.

WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT MAKES THREE OF US.

EASY THERE, PEG! DON'T TAKE IT ***PERSONAL!***

WHAT'S GOTTEN YOU ***SPOOKED...?***

"Nor forget I to sing of the wonder..."

LOOK! THERE, UP IN THE ***SKY--***

"Nor the comet that came unannounced out of the north flaring in heaven..."

"Nor the strange huge meteor-procession dazzling and clear shooting over our heads..."

WHOA THERE, PEG!

WHOA, DANGIT--!

"A moment, a moment long it sail'd its balls of unearthly light over our heads...

BOOM!

"Then departed, dropt in the night, and was gone--"

"O year all mottled with evil and good-- year of forebodings..."

MARTHA!

MARTHA, CALL OUT TO ME! SAY YOU'RE ALL RIGHT--!

OH GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN...

"Year of comets and meteors transient and strange..."

JONATHAN! OVER HERE!

COME AND SEE...

WHAT IN THE WORLD...?

"What am I myself but one of your meteors?"

Excerpted from **"Year of Meteors (1859-60)"** by **Walt Whitman**

GOTHAM CITY, 1893.

"I'VE GATHERED YOUR NECESSARY ACCOUTREMENTS, MA'AM.

"WE OFF TO THE *GALA*, THEN?"

VIA THE *NARROWS*, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND, HOLLY.

WE'LL BE FASHIONABLY LATE...

ACID CHEMICAL

...AS I HAVE *BUSINESS* TO CONDUCT.

LOOKS LIKE THEY FINALLY DEMOLISHED THE OLD ***WORKHOUSE,*** TO MAKE WAY FOR--

--WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

PROGRESS.

WATCH THE HORSES. I SHAN'T BE LONG.

SPARE A NICKEL FOR THE CHILD...?

I'M AFRAID I'VE NONE ABOUT ME.

I TRUST THIS WILL SUFFICE...

SILVER DOLLARS ?!

SAINTS ABOVE, I DON'T DESERVE IT--!

HUSH NOW.

NONE OF THAT.

NOW TELL ME, DO YOU KNOW YOUR LETTERS?

THAT I DO, MA'AM, AND ARITHMETIC TOO! OR I CAN COOK, OR CLEAN, OR ANY HONEST WORK--

YOU'LL BE CARED FOR.

BOTH OF YOU.

HERE. SEEK OUT THIS ADDRESS. TELL THEM I SENT YOU.

FELIX HOME FOR DESTITUTE WOMEN

LOOK ALIVE, LADIES. THE *WIDOW'S* ABROAD.

PICKED A QUIET NIGHT FER IT.

NOT COINCIDENTALLY.

ANY TROUBLE?

THE USUAL. DIRTY COPS, FER THE MOST PART. NOTHIN' WE CAN'T HANDLE AMONG US.

THAT SAID, COUPLA GOTHAM'S FINEST GOT LIQUORED UP AN' DECIDED THEY WAS TOO MANLY FOR COMMERCE.

RATTLED *JEMIMA* HERE PRETTY GOOD.

I SHALL PAY THEM A VISIT.

HAS MY DOCTOR PROVED DILIGENT?

THAT HE HAS, MA'AM. MUCH OBLIGED.

AND OUR... *NOCTURNAL VISITOR?*

WELL NOW, THINGS BEEN ***REAL QUIET*** IN THAT REGARD. WHAT I HEAR, AIN'T NOBODY SET EYES ON ***THE BAT*** IN A WHILE NOW.

NOT THAT YA'D EVEN KNOW IT, HE WAS LURKIN' RIGHT THERE IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND YA...

HELL, COULD BE SOME FOOLHARDY SOUL FINALLY SUMMONED THE GUMPTION TO HAMMER A ***STAKE*** THROUGH HIS ***HEART!***

THAT'S ASSUMING HE HAS ONE.

ANY WORD, BRING IT TO ME. TIMES, DATES, LOCATIONS.

AS EVER.

YOU STEP CAREFUL NOW, SELINA.

AS EVER.

THE KRYPTONIAN AGE

OPENING GALA

GOTHAM MUSEUM

EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS EVENING'S EVENT IS STRICTLY RESERVED FOR--

I HAVE AN INVITATION.

YOU MAY ANNOUNCE ME.

...I SEE. VERY WELL.

MY APOLOGIES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I ANNOUNCE MRS. SELINA--

LADY.

:Ahem:

LADY SELINA KYLE.

OH DEAR.

OH DEAR ME, NO...

SCANDALOUS!

HUMPHREY, I MUST *INSIST* YOU *OBJECT* TO HER PRESENCE IN THE *STRONGEST POSSIBLE TERMS!*

YES, WELL, QUITE...

OF COURSE, ONE WOULDN'T WISH TO APPEAR... *UNSEEMLY...* IN SUCH *ESTEEMED* COMPANY...

I HEAR THE KYLE WOMAN IS THE PROPRIETRESS OF A *GENTLEMEN'S CLUB* OF *EXCEPTIONAL DISCRETION,* IF YOU TAKE MY MEANING.

I'M SURE I WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT.

AT ALL.

NO.

LADY KYLE! I WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR LOSS. LORD KYLE WAS A GREAT MAN.

BROUGHT LOW BY A *CRUEL TWIST...* OF FATE.

I BLAME MYSELF, OF COURSE. I FEAR MY LATE HUSBAND'S YEARS OUTWEIGHED HIS PASSIONS.

VIGOROUS.

QUITE.

HIS CONSTITUTION STRUGGLED TO MAINTAIN THE VIGOROUS PHYSICAL EXERTIONS DEMANDED BY HIS...PREDILECTIONS.

NO DOUBT LORD KYLE'S CONSIDERABLE ***FORTUNE*** MAY BRING YOU SOME ***SOLACE*** IN YOUR TIME OF GRIEF.

I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE BEEN PROVIDING CHARITABLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO... FALLEN WOMEN. OF ***ILL REPUTE.***

INVARIABLY, IN MY EXPERIENCE, REPUTATIONS ARE MORE FREELY OFFERED THAN CLAIMED.

SUCH WOMEN DON'T FALL. THEY ARE ***PUSHED.***

WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, MR BARTLEBY?

WELL, YES, I MEAN, NO, THAT IS, *uh--*

OF COURSE, ONE SUPPOSES THAT SUCH MUST BE MATTERS OF...

...HOW MIGHT ONE PUT IT?

EXCEPTIONAL DISCRETION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR JOINING US! IF YOU'D CARE TO STEP THROUGH TO THE DINING ROOM...

ALAS, I FEAR I'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE IN RE-ENTERING SOCIETY TOO SOON!

FOUL ASPERSIONS HAVE BEEN CAST UPON ME!

OH, IF ONLY MY DEAR, DEPARTED HUSBAND WERE HERE--!

DO YOU REQUIRE A--A MOMENT IN PRIVATE--?

OH! IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND...

I FEAR MY GRIEF HAS OVERCOME MY DELICATE SENSIBILITIES.

MY PRIVATE OFFICE.

PLEASE, TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED, LADY KYLE. I'VE ASKED THE PORTER TO ENSURE YOU'RE NOT DISTURBED.

Y-YOU'RE... TOO KIND...

:Sniff:

BIT MUCH, INNIT?

WATER-WORKS, LIKE?

THIS LOT DON'T DO SUBTLE.

DOOR.

RIGHT, THEN. LET'S GET YOU OUT OF THOSE SKIRTS!

REMEMBER, HOLLY-- DISCRETION.

YOU'RE TO BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.

DISCRETION'S ME MIDDLE NAME, INNIT?

...FLIPPIN' 'ECK, HOW'S ANYONE S'POSED TO WALK IN THESE THINGS?!

SLIII

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--MISS JULIE MADISON OF THE WAYNE FOUNDATION.

THANK YOU-- AND WELCOME, ONE AND ALL. REGRETFULLY, MY FIANCÉE FINDS HIMSELF INDISPOSED THIS EVENING...

MR. WAYNE THEREFORE HAS INVITED ME TO SPEAK ON HIS BEHALF, AND TO OFFER HIS APOLOGIES.

AS THE NEW CENTURY SWIFTLY APPROACHES, DOUBTLESS WE CONSIDER OURSELVES THE VERY PINNACLE OF CIVILIZATION.

YET WE SHOULD CAUTION OURSELVES AGAINST ANY SUCH COMPLACENCY--OR, DARE I SAY IT, PRIDE.

DAZZLED THOUGH WE MAY BE BY SUCH MODERN MARVELS AS THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB, WE WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT INSIGHT, INGENUITY, AND INDEFATIGABILITY HAVE FLOURISHED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE SPAN OF HUMAN HISTORY...

...AND FARTHER BACK STILL--INTO THE SHADOWS OF PREHISTORY.

BALDERDASH. UTTER FLUMMERY.

FREE GRUB THOUGH, INNIT? FLIPPIN' STOMACH THINKS ME THROAT'S BEEN CUT--

Uh, I MEAN, *uh...*

MOST ASSUREDLY. QUITE!

"FOR TOO LONG, THE THEORY OF A ***LOST AGE*** OF CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN ***DISREGARDED, DISMISSED,*** EVEN ***DERIDED*** BY THE HIDEBOUND TRADITIONALISTS OF ACADEMIA.

"NONETHELESS, EVIDENCE EXISTS...

skreeeek...

"...AND MAY OFFER US A ***PRECIOUS WINDOW*** INTO THE PAST.

"OVER UNTOLD MILLENNIA, THOSE FEW SURVIVING RELICS AND ARTIFACTS OF THIS FABLED LOST AGE HAVE BEEN SCATTERED TO THE WIND.

"JEALOUSLY HOARDED, OR HIDDEN AWAY IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS... ***UNTIL NOW.***

"AT LONG LAST, THE WAYNE FOUNDATION HAS--FOR THE VERY ***FIRST*** TIME--ASSEMBLED ***NUMEROUS*** SUCH ARTIFACTS UNDER ONE ROOF!"

"AND SO TONIGHT, TOGETHER, LET US LEAVE OUR MODERN WORLD BEHIND...

"...AND *RECLAIM* THE LONG-LOST WONDERS OF...

KREEEEEEEEEEE...

"...THE KRYPTONIAN AGE!"

ONE THING I LOVE ABOUT THIS TOWN...

...NO ONE EVER LOOKS UP!

STILL NO SIGN?

SHE'S DOUBLE-CROSSED US, I TELL YA! KNEW WE COULDN'T TRUST THAT WITCH...

COOL YER BOOTS THERE. PATIENCE IS HALF THE GAME.

SHE'LL TURN UP...IF SHE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HER.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE BEEN HERE FOR SOME TIME.

AAH!

AS A GENERAL RULE, I PREFER TO AVOID STEPPING INTO A LOCATION BEFORE I'VE ASCERTAINED HOW TO STEP OUT OF IT.

YOUR LOOKOUT ON THE EAST BALCONY ISN'T THE SHARPEST, BY THE WAY...

AND YOU'VE A SHARP TONGUE FOR A WOMAN ALONE.

MY CLAWS ARE SHARPER STILL.

BEST NOT GIVE ME A REASON TO USE THEM, *hmm?*

ENOUGH O' THIS PRATTLE!

D'YA HAVE THE ***TRINKET*** OR NOT?

RECIPE ***WHAT*** NOW--?

THE ***MONEY,*** KNUCKLEHEAD! SHE WANTS TO SEE THE MONEY.

THE ACQUISITION WAS EXECUTED WITH ALACRITY--AND, IF I MAY, A CERTAIN IRREFUTABLE ***PANACHE.***

THOUGH AS I RECALL, INHERENT IN OUR ARRANGEMENT WAS AN UNDERSTANDING OF MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL RECIPROCITY...?

SIX OF US. ONE OF HER.

WHADDAYA SAY WE KEEP THE MONEY AN' THE TRINKET BOTH...?

DO YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE I'D BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO WALTZ IN HERE ALONE WITH THE ITEM IN QUESTION UPON MY PERSON...?

PLEASE.

BUT IT'S CLOSE BY, I ASSURE YOU. ***VERY*** CLOSE.

SHE'S LYIN', I SAYS.

MURDER AIN'T WHAT WE WAS HIRED FOR...

...AN' I AIN'T DAMN FOOL ENOUGH TA CROSS THEM ***BARBARIANS.***

YOUR TREACHEROUSLY INCLINED TROGLODYTE MAY WISH TO INVESTIGATE THE CONTENTS OF HIS BREAST POCKET.

...HE'S ALSO NOT THE SHARPEST, BY THE WAY.

HERE. ***DIAMONDS,*** UNCUT. LIKE WE AGREED.

NOW WHERE'S THE DAMN ***TRINKET?***

BARBARIANS...?

WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?

THIS AIN'T MINE--!

OPEN IT, YA KNUCKLE-HEAD!

GOOD LORD! IT AIN'T NATURAL--!

WHY'S IT GLOWIN'...?

GENTLEMEN, IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU.

NOW, AT THE RISK OF APPEARING INDISCREET, I MAY BE PERSUADED TO PART WITH ONE OR TWO OF THESE DELIGHTFUL DIAMONDS...

...IN EXCHANGE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR EMPLOYER?

DON'T PUSH YER LUCK, LADY! I'M JUST THE MIDDLE-MAN--

ULKK--!

KILL THEM ALL.

thk!

AAGH!

thk!

thk!

thk!

thk!

thk!

thk!

thk!

RADIUM PAINT--?!

THIS IS NO *RING OF JONG LI*, BUT A CUNNING *FORGERY--!*

THE EXHIBITION WAS A *TRAP!*

SET BY--

donk!

donk!

FWOOSH!

"--THE BAT MAN!"

TCHACK!

BRING ME HIS HEAD!

FWOOOSH!

OOF--!

SHAWNNG!

WHUB!

TWA-
THP-
!

WHOKK!

YOU'RE ENTIRELY **WELCOME,** BY THE WAY.

Hrn.

WE HAVE STILLED THE REQUISITE TONGUES.

NOW WITHDRAW TO THE SHADOWS!

ACQUIRING THE TRUE ***RING OF JONG LI*** REMAINS OUR ***ONLY*** PURPOSE IN THIS ACCURSED CITY.

WE ***MUST*** PREVAIL--ELSE ***ALL*** IS LOST!

SHOULD THE WEAPONS OF THE ***ENEMY*** FALL INTO THE HANDS OF--

M-MY LADY...?

DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELVES TO BE TAKEN ALIVE.

THUD

AAAAIEEEEE!

YOU HAVE LED US A MERRY DANCE, BAT MAN OF GOTHAM.

YET WHATEVER YOUR UNSPOKEN QUEST MAY BE, KNOW THAT NONE MAY STAND AGAINST THE ***LEAGUE OF SHADOWS...***

...AND ***LIVE.***

I SHALL GRANT YOU THE MERCY OF A SWIFT DEATH.

WHEN YOU REACH THE GATES OF ***HELL,*** TELL THEM ***TALIA AL GHUL*** SENT YOU!

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ

TO BE CONTINUED!

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #2
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ANTARCTICA.

PROFESSOR ADAM STRANGE--DAY 262.

My dear MR. WAYNE--I am pleased to report that after much hardship endured heading south from Tierra del Fuego, we have at long last reached our final destination--the very ENDS of the EARTH.

Or perhaps I should say, the very edge of the ocean.

From here, we face a sea of ICE.

Conditions here could not be more different from those we experienced in the jungles of PERU.

The sun's warmth is now but a distant and much-longed-for memory...

...and where once we were immersed in a lush profundity of flora and fauna, here we find ourselves in a land seemingly BEREFT of life.

Though the WHALING PORT is a dismal affair, and its provisions meager, it provides us some opportunity to resupply before venturing forth into the great unknown...

...and, perhaps more importantly--given the commission with which you, Mr. Wayne, have entrusted me--offers an opportunity to assess firsthand the OUTLANDISH tales of these WHALERS and SEAL HUNTERS.

CAN'T TRUST TO A COMPASS, LAD.

SPIN Y'AROUND, IT WILL.

The very tales, indeed, that have brought us to this blighted place.

CELESTIAL NAVIGATION, THEN! ASSUMING THE WEATHER HOLDS--

CAN'T TRUST THE STARS NEITHER. NOT DOWN HERE.

AIN'T RIGHT.

DO YOU FIND THE CONSTELLATIONS OCCULTED BY CLOUDS? OR THE AURORA AUSTRALIS--

Y'AIN'T LISTENIN' TA ME!

Tales of ***ANCIENT RUINS,*** buried in the ice.

THE ***STARS.***

THEY AIN'T ***RIGHT.***

DAY 265.

Though I had advised caution and delay, our NAVIGATOR--the redoubtable Mr. GREENHOUGH--was eager to begin scouting the continental interior.

GREENHOUGH! ANYONE!

CALL OUT IF YOU CAN HEAR US!

Alas, his team is now MISSING--and our SEARCH PARTY has itself been engulfed by a SUDDEN STORM.

I thought I had already feared the worst.

I was NAIVE.

LOOK THERE!

GOOD LORD, THE TALES--THEY'RE TRUE...

IT'S ALL TRUE!

The truth of this place is far DARKER--and runs DEEPER--than I had ever DARED to imagine.

IT'S THE FIND OF THE CENTURY--!

RUINS OF THE KRYPTONIAN AGE!

THESE WALL CARVINGS-- REMINISCENT OF THE ASTROLOGICAL TEMPLE IN PERU, OR THE ORACLE CHAMBER AT TERME...

...YET FAR MORE GEOMETRICALLY PRECISE!

ANOTHER OF YOUR ***STAR MAPS,*** PROFESSOR...?

IN A WAY! A MAP OF OUR ***OWN*** STAR AND PLANETS--WITH EARTH AND MARS ***ALIGNED.***

BUT WHAT COULD IT MEAN?

WERE THEY A RACE OF ***SUN WORSHIPPERS?*** THEY SEEM TO BE MAKING SOME KIND OF ***OFFERING.***

OR PERHAPS A... ***SACRIFICE?***

PROFESSOR STRANGE!

SIR, OVER HERE--!

IT'S GREENHOUGH-- OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!

GOD IN HEAVEN--

RENT ASUNDER!

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY DO THIS TO A MAN...?

GOTHAM.

ENOUGH!

THIS IS *MY* CITY--AND THOUGH LIFE CLEARLY MEANS NOTHING TO YOU, IT MEANS *EVERYTHING* TO ME!

SO TELL ME--*WHY* THE *KILLING?*

WHY DOES THE *LEAGUE OF SHADOWS* HUNT THESE ANCIENT RELICS--AND *MURDER* THOSE WHO POSSESS THEM?

TELL ME!

SIMPLY TELL YOU?

DO YOU--

--THINK ME--

--SO NAIVE?

FINE. I'LL MAKE YOU TALK!

NGHH--

SLAM!

I--I CONFESS...

...I ENJOY WATCHING YOU TRY!

PFAM!

AGH!

ptoo!

HLLK--

HA--!

SHUKK!

AAGH!

SLISH!

Kesshh!

GAH--!

SSSSSSSS!

SHIINGG!

tap!

VIROKK!

IT'S **OVER,** TALIA. THERE'S NO NEED FOR ANYONE ELSE TO DIE.

Nngh...

TALK TO ME.

PLEASE.

WE SPEAK IN *DEEDS.*

YAAAH!

HAH!

WHAM!

AMATEUR.

NS
WAREHOUSE
WESTERN STEEL & CAST IRON COMPANY
BOOM!
shunk!

WELL PLAYED, GOTHAMITE.

I HAVE LEARNED SOMETHING THIS NIGHT.

OF COMPLACENCY. HUMILITY. PREPARED-NESS.

FOR THIS, MY THANKS.

DIE WELL.

twang!

OH MIGHTY BARBATOS! HEED YOUR HUMBLE SERVANTS!

COME NOW AMONG US, AND SPEAK YOUR HIDDEN WISDOM!

SKKKSH!

KKRUMP!

AAAH--!

GO...TO CHURCH.

SAY...YOUR PRAYERS.

IF--IF YOU INSIST!

BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

FORGIVE THE INTRUSION, *YOUR MAJESTY.*

I FEAR THERE HAS BEEN AN... *INCIDENT.*

IS THE ROYAL ESTATE PRESENTLY *AFIRE,* MISS GRIEVES? ARE WE *INVADED* BY THE *TURK?*

HAVE THE AMERICAN COLONIES PERHAPS ADMITTED AT LAST THE *FOLLY* OF INDEPENDENCE, AND DECLARED A FERVENT DESIRE TO RETURN TO THE *BOSOM EMBRACE* OF THE *COMMONWEALTH?*

GIVEN THE *HOUR,* ONE MAY ONLY HOPE SO, FOR YOUR SAKE.

AN INTRUDER, YOUR MAJESTY.

IN THE *CRYPT.*

THOUGH ONE'S WITS ADMITTEDLY MAY BE *FOGGED* BY AGE, GRIEF, AND--PRESENTLY--THE DEPRIVATION OF *SLEEP,* ONE RECALLS HAVING *GUARDSMEN* TO DEAL WITH SUCH MATTERS.

INDEED, A LITERAL *ARMY* OF SUCH.

QUITE SO, YOUR MAJESTY. ALAS, IT SEEMS THEY HAVE PROVEN INSUFFICIENT TO THE TASK...

HAVING ATTEMPTED TO ***INTERCEDE*** WITH THE AFOREMENTIONED INTRUDER, SEVERAL GUARDS REPORTEDLY ***FLED*** IN A ***FRIGHT...***

...WHILST THEIR SERGEANT-AT-ARMS NOW BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE--AND HERE I ***QUOTE--***"*A TEETHING BABE, BAWLING FOR HIS MOTHER'S TEAT.*"

...

THE CRYPT, YOU SAY?

THE INTRUDER, IT WOULD APPEAR, IS NONE OTHER THAN YOUR...

..."*PERSONAL SPIRITUAL ADVISOR.*"

:Sigh:

OF COURSE IT IS.

FETCH MY SLIPPERS.

THIS TIME YOU GO TOO FAR.

FAR TOO FAR.

WE ARE ***NOT*** AMUSED...

...MR. CONSTANTINE!

ALL RIGHT, VIC?

DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU UP AN' ABOUT!

DON'T MIND ME. JUST NIPPED ROUND TO SCRATCH AN ITCH IN THE OLD INTUITION, DIDN'T I?

MEANT TO KEEP IT UNDER ME HAT, LIKE--BUT THEM THUGS O' YOURS WERE HAVIN' NONE OF IT.

WE HAD WORDS. I TOOK STEPS. WAY IT GOES, INNIT?

AM I GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND, MR. CONSTANTINE, THAT YOU HAVE NOT ONLY ***BROKEN INTO*** MY PRIVATE ESTATE, BUT ***ENSORCELLED*** A PLATOON OF ROYAL GUARDSMEN TO BOOT?

NOT ***ALL*** OF 'EM.

BESIDES, THEY'LL HAVE A STORY TO TELL IN THE BARRACKS, WON'T THEY? ONCE IT WEARS OFF, I MEAN.

ASSUMIN' IT WEARS OFF...

IF IT'S THE **CROWN JEWELS** YOU'RE AFTER, YOU'LL FIND THEM IN THE **TOWER OF LONDON.**

WHICH, CONVENIENTLY, ALSO SERVES ADMIRABLY FOR THE **IMPRISONMENT** OF **TRAITORS.**

ALL RIGHT, DON'T GET YOUR KNICKERS IN A TWIST!

IT'S THE **REAL** TREASURES I WANNA KNOW ABOUT. THE ONES YOU KEEP **CLOSE.** SECRET PLUNDER OF THE EMPIRE...

A-HA!

Klik!

THE QUESTION IS...

...WHEN DID THEY START **GLOWIN'?**

AND WHAT **PRECISELY** IS YOUR INTEREST IN THE MATTER?

EVERYTHIN'. ALL OF IT.

I DUNNO THE DETAILS. NOT YET...

BUT WHAT I DO KNOW IS, EVERY GRAYBEARD FROM TIJUANA TO TIMBUKTU IS PREDICTING **CALAMITY--**AN' **RIGHT SOON.**

WHATEVER THESE RELICS ARE, THEY'RE CONNECTED TO SOME ***ANCIENT POWER.***

A POWER THAT WIPED AN ENTIRE ***CIVILIZATION*** OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH. A POWER THAT LAY DORMANT FOR EONS...

...AN' NOW IT'S ***WAKIN' UP!***

SO IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY, I'LL SKIP THE NICETIES AN' ASK AGAIN--

WHEN DID THEY START BLOODY GLOWIN'?!

1860.

RIGHT AFTER THE ***CARRINGTON EVENT.***

BLOODY HELL. LUTHOR WAS RIGHT.

SO. NOW THAT WE HAVE, AS YOU SAY, SKIPPED THE NICETIES...

...I BELIEVE WE'LL SKIP STRAIGHT TO THE ***TRIBUNAL.***

JOHN CONSTANTINE! YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON, SEDITION, EXTORTION, VICE, BLACKMAIL, BURGLARY, FORGERY, VAGRANCY, IDOLATRY, LARCENY, LECHERY, DEPRAVITY, GROSS INDECENCY, AND WITCHCRAFT.

YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD. DO YOU HAVE ANY LAST WORDS FOR POSTERITY?

Uh...

I THINK THERE MAY HAVE BEEN A SLIGHT MISUNDER-STANDING?

MAY GOD HAVE MERCY UPON YOUR SOUL.

WOULDN'T BET ON IT--

AAAH!

WHUMP!

OOF--!

Uh...IF THIS IS THE AFTER-LIFE, I'LL BE HONEST?

BIT UNDER-WHELMING.

YOUR REPUTATION EVER PRECEDES YOU, MR. CONSTANTINE. AND IT IS ***NOT*** A REPUTATION TO ENGENDER ***TRUST.***

FORTUNATELY, YOU ARE NOW OFFICIALLY ***DEAD...***

...LEAVING YOU FREE TO PURSUE ***EXCLUSIVELY*** THE INTERESTS OF THE ***CROWN,*** UNENCUMBERED BY PAST MISDEEDS.

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN!

NO PUN INTENDED.

I COULD USE A CLEAN PAIR OF TROUSERS, THOUGH...

OUR ***INTELLIGENCE BRANCH*** CONFIRMS THESE WHISPERS OF A ***NAMELESS PERIL*** TO WHICH YOU HAVE ALLUDED.

AND ONE CONSIDERS THAT AN UNCONVENTIONAL THREAT REQUIRES AN UNCONVENTIONAL RESPONSE.

NEVER BEEN WHAT YOU'D CALL A STICKLER FOR CONVENTION, ME.

IN THIS MATTER, YOU WILL BE OUR ***CATSPAW.***

AN ***UNOFFICIAL*** AGENT OF THE CROWN.

YOU WILL ***SEEK OUT*** THIS ANCIENT POWER, MR. CONSTANTINE.

YOU WILL ***ASSESS*** ITS TRUE POTENTIAL...

...AND YOU WILL ***SEIZE*** IT-- FOR THE ***GREATER GLORY*** OF THE ***BRITISH EMPIRE!***

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?

WAYNE MANOR.

YOU WISHED TO BE INFORMED, MA'AM. MASTER BRUCE HAS RETURNED.

HE IS PRESENTLY...

...BELOW STAIRS.

THANK YOU, ALFRED.

I'LL TAKE THIS. NOW GO AND GET SOME SLEEP.

IF YOU ABSOLUTELY *INSIST,* MA'AM. *THRILLING* THOUGH IT IS TO SEE IN THE DAWN...

...AGAIN.

I'VE HEARD ONE SHOULD NEVER ***BROOD*** ON AN EMPTY STOMACH. TERRIBLY BAD FOR THE DIGESTION.

I TAKE IT OUR ***RUSE*** WAS SUCCESSFUL?

IN PART. THE ***FAKE RING,*** PAINTED WITH ***RADIUM***--A THIEF TOOK THE BAIT, JUST AS I'D PLANNED...

...BUT SHE ***ESCAPED.***

"SHE"? MY GOODNESS.

AND WOULD THIS MYSTERIOUS ***SHE*** BE THE REASON YOU ARE PRESENTLY ***HALF-MUMMIFIED*** IN BANDAGES?

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU EVERYTHING, JULIE.

FOR YEARS NOW, WEALTHY COLLECTORS HAVE BEEN ***DYING*** UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. ACCIDENTS, SUICIDES. NO CONNECTION...

...EXCEPT THAT EACH OF THEM POSSESSED SOME SORT OF ***ANCIENT RELIC.*** AND IN EACH CASE, THE RELIC SIMPLY... ***DISAPPEARED.***

SO YOU BAITED A TRAP, AND FOLLOWED THE MOUSE TO ITS LAIR.

A ***CAT,*** IN THIS INSTANCE.

BUT THE BROKER WHO HIRED THE THIEF WAS HIMSELF ***ASSASSINATED--*** BY THE WOMAN WHO'D HIRED HIM.

SO I'M GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THAT ***SEVERAL*** LADIES WERE INVOLVED IN THE EVENING'S FRIVOLITIES.

I SEE.

AT LEAST I NOW HAVE THE NAME OF THE ENEMY--THE ***LEAGUE OF SHADOWS.***

THE BROKER CALLED THEM ***"BARBARIANS"--*** WHICH, AS I RECALL, IS DERIVED FROM THE ARABIC WORD ***BERBER...***

JUDGING BY THEIR LEADER'S ACCENT, WEAPONS, AND FACIAL TATTOOS, THAT'S EXACTLY WHO SHE IS-- A ***BERBER.***

THE ***AMAZIGH*** PEOPLE OF THE ***MAGHREB.***

-Berber tatooed woman.-

-Ancient patterns

UNHOLY FORCES ARE AT WORK IN GOTHAM-- YET THEIR REACH, IT SEEMS, SPANS CONTINENTS!

TO WHAT END? STEALING A MAGICAL RING?

BRUCE, TELL ME YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY STARTING TO BELIEVE IN THAT KRYPTONIAN AGE NONSENSE!

I UNDERSTAND THE POWER OF SUGGESTION. I KNOW HOW TO PLAY ON MAN'S FEAR OF THE DARK.

BUT SOMETIMES...

...SOMETIMES THOSE FEARS ARE JUSTIFIED.

THEN LET US HOPE PROFESSOR STRANGE'S EXPEDITION MAY CAST SOME LIGHT UPON THE ISSUE.

I CANNOT AFFORD TO WAIT.

IF STRANGE'S THEORY IS CORRECT, THERE REALLY IS SOMETHING OUT THERE, WAITING TO BE REDISCOVERED...

...AND IT IS BEING HUNTED.

SOME FORGOTTEN REMNANT OF THE ANCIENT PAST, FROM A LOST AGE OF GODS AND MONSTERS.

AN AGE OF MIRACLES...

"...AND WONDERS!"

SIR! UP THERE--SOMEONE WATCHING US!

ONE OF GREENHOUGH'S MEN--?

IT LOOKS LIKE--

IT CAN'T BE...

...A WOMAN?

MUST BE SHE'S THE ONE GUTTED GREENHOUGH!

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME--?

EARTH-QUAKE!

RRRRRRMMMM

BRRRRR

SKRRKEEEEEEEEEE...!

AAAGH!

shlimng...!

RUN!

AAIIIEEEE!

HEAVEN HELP ME--!

KRAKKKK!

SHHH

WH-WHAT--?

WHO...?

STAY DOWN.

LEANDRO FERNANDEZ

TO BE CONTINUED!

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #3
cover art by **Leandro Fernández** and **Matt Hollingsworth**

ANDY DIGGLE
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ANTARCTICA.

PROFESSOR ADAM STRANGE--DAY 266.

Before I proceed in my account, Mr. Wayne, I feel compelled to forewarn you that what follows cannot but challenge the very bounds of credulity.

Yet I swear upon my eternal soul that I witnessed these events with my own eyes...

...though even now, I struggle to grasp the enormity of their implications.

FORGIVE ME, I-- I KNOW YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MY WORDS, BUT...

...IS ALL WELL WITH YOU?

THE *moon.*

I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD LIVE TO SEE HER.

GREAT BEASTS had arisen from the ice-- FOUL ABOMINATIONS from the EARTH'S CORE!

In this blighted hellscape, as alien-- and as unwelcome-- as we ourselves!

HHRRKLLEEE

SHRAAK

We would all of us have perished, met the same savage fate as our hapless navigator, GREENHOUGH--

--yet we were SAVED by another denizen of that hidden, monster-haunted realm that yet resides deep beneath the surface of the world we know...

...or THINK we know!

WHOOM!

That was... unnecessary.

HHRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...!

WHAMM!

THE CORD OF HESTIA BINDS YOU TO TRUTH--!

LET US PUT ASIDE THIS NEEDLESS ENMITY AND SPEAK TOGETHER PLAINLY, YOU AND I!

YOU WANT TRUTH, SKARTARIAN?

WE OWE YOU DEATH FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE!

NOT I, BROOD-MOTHER!

IT WAS NOT I WHO SLEW YOUR HATCHLINGS--EVEN AS THEY GORGED THEMSELVES UPON THE BLOOD OF MY FELLOW AMAZONS!

MY SISTERS FOUGHT IN SELF-DEFENSE, YOUR BROOD IN SATED GREED!

THEY KILLED EACH OTHER! AND IN THAT, LET THERE BE AN END TO THIS CYCLE OF VENGEANCE!

HATE! ONLY HATE FOR YOU--!

GIVE FREE REIN TO OUR HATE, AND IT WILL BUT CARRY US TO A SWIFT AND NEEDLESS DEATH.

THE CORD BINDS ME ALSO. YOU KNOW I SPEAK TRUTH.

To call this stranger a SOLDIER of RENOWN in her own realm would be to do her scant justice-- for she has proven herself SO much more--

WHUNCH!

A WARRIOR-POET, perhaps. Or diplomat, envoy...?

EVEN NOW, THE ICHOR *FREEZES* IN YOUR VEINS. GO BACK TO THE STEAMING PIT THAT SPAWNED YOU, AND NURTURE WHAT REMAINS OF YOUR BROOD!

SSSSSSSSSS

YOU DO NOT *BELONG* IN THE SUNLIT WORLD!

NEITHER DO YOU, SKARTARIAN!

THE SLEEPER AWAKENS!

THE DOOM THAT CAME TO KRYPTON SHALL SOON RETURN--AND IT SHALL BE YOUR DOOM ALSO!

No. An AMBASSADOR.

IF THAT IS MY FATE, I WILL FACE IT.

GO NOW, WHILE YOU MAY. WE NEED NOT LOVE EACH OTHER, TO LIVE APART IN PEACE.

Even now, in recalling what has transpired, I find the pen trembles in my hand as words fail me at the last.

Let me be succinct, then...

THE DANGER IS PAST, FOR NOW.

THOUGH I FEAR A PERIL YET MORE DIRE AWAITS US ALL.

She is a WONDER.

I am Diana, OF LOST THEMYSCIRA.

THE TRIBE BORN OF THE FIVE OF THE SIX--WHO LONG AGO FLED INTO THE DEEP REALM OF SKARTARIS, WHEN THE SONS OF KRYPTON FIRST BROUGHT THEIR DOOM TO THIS WORLD.

I HAVE VENTURED MANY MONTHS, THROUGH GREAT HARDSHIP AND LOSS, TO REDISCOVER THE LOST PATH TO THE SUNLIT WORLD, THAT I MAY BRING YOU THIS WARNING--

THE DOOM RETURNS!

YOUR CIVILIZATION LIES IN PERIL--AND I DO NOT KNOW IF IT IS WITHIN MY POWER TO SAVE IT.

YET IF THE FATES SO DECREE, MY HEART DEMANDS THAT I SHALL GIVE MY LIFE IN THE ATTEMPT.

THIS DO I VOW.

...

...DID--DID ANYONE UNDERSTAND ANY OF THAT?

ANYONE KNOW WHAT LANGUAGE SHE'S SPEAKING?

PURE GIBBERISH, SIR.

DIDN'T CATCH A WORD OF IT.

GOTHAM.

GOOD EVENING.

YOU MAY CALL ME... *MALONE.*

WELCOME TO THE *BLACK CAT CLUB,* MR. MALONE.

AND WOULD THIS BE YOUR FIRST TIME WITH US?

IT WOULD. THOUGH I'VE HEARD...

...STORIES.

OH, YOU'LL FIND THE REALITY QUITE ECLIPSES THE STORIES, I ASSURE YOU.

OUR CONSORTIUM OF CONSORTS CATERS TO EVERY *CONCEIVABLE* PREDILECTION. DELIGHTS SO DIVERSE AS TO SHAME THE IMAGINATION...

BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF. LET'S TAKE IT SLOW AT FIRST, SHALL WE?

PROLONG THE ANTICIPATION.

OR ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMETHING... *SPECIAL*...THIS EVENING?

FORGIVE ME, I--I'M NEW TO...ALL THIS.

NEVER FEAR, MR. MALONE.

I'M SURE WE'LL FIND YOU A SUITABLE *MATCH.*

FOLLOW ME.

ALONE AT LAST.

NOW, LET'S MAKE OURSELVES COMFORTABLE, SHALL WE...?

THESE HEELS CAN BE *MURDER.*

I'LL TAKE THAT.

I HAVE THE UPPER HAND THIS TIME. DO YOU THINK I'D JUST GIVE IT AWAY?

NO--

I SAID I'LL *TAKE* IT.

THE COWL SUITED YOU BETTER.

...

...WHAT GAVE ME AWAY?

I KNOW MEN. ALL TOO WELL.

HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

YOUR PERFUME.

YOU TOOK PAINS TO HIDE YOUR IDENTITY AT THE MUSEUM. BUT THAT SCENT IS DISTINCTIVE-- AND SOLD BY ONLY ONE PERFUMER IN GOTHAM.

WEALTHY CLIENTELE. POOR WINDOW SECURITY.

ALL THAT TROUBLE JUST FOR ME. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE FLATTERED--

DON'T BE. MEN DIED BECAUSE OF YOU.

AND YOU'RE ALIVE BECAUSE OF ME. I'D SAY WE'RE EVEN.

I'M NOT HERE FOR YOU, SELINA.

THAT'S JUST AS WELL FOR YOU--WHOEVER YOU ARE.

TURN AROUND.

Hrn.

AS YOU WERE, LADIES. I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

THIS ONE PROVES MORE THAN YOU CAN HANDLE, SELINA, JUST HOLLER. WE'LL MAKE IT A PARTY.

TEMPTING AS THAT SOUNDS, I RATHER THINK "*MR. MALONE*" AND I HAVE SOME PRIVATE MATTERS TO DISCUSS...

...AND I HAVE A ***SURPRISE*** FOR HIM.

I'M NOT FOND OF SURPRISES.

IF I MAY, FOR SOMEONE WHO SPENDS HIS NIGHTS LEAPING OVER ROOFTOPS IN AN ***OPERA MASK,*** YOU HAVE A WOEFULLY UNDERDEVELOPED SENSE OF ***PLAY.***

ONE OF MY MORE DIFFICULT CLIENTS. THOUGH I'LL ADMIT, HIS PRESENCE HERE ISN'T ***ENTIRELY*** CONSENSUAL.

LESS THAN TALKATIVE, DESPITE MY BEST EFFORTS. AND BELIEVE ME, I CAN BE MOST PERSUASIVE.

THE OTHER ZEALOTS CUT THEIR OWN ***THROATS*** RATHER THAN BE TAKEN ALIVE. FORTUNATELY, THIS ONE WAS STILL UNCONSCIOUS...

...AND AS IT HAPPENS, I'M RATHER DEFT WITH A KNOT.

WHY BRING HIM HERE?

BECAUSE I WANT ANSWERS TOO.

I DON'T LIKE BEING ***USED.***

LISTEN CLOSELY. I KNOW YOU SERVE ***TALIA AL GHUL*** AND THE ***LEAGUE OF SHADOWS.***

TELL ME WHY YOU SEEK THE ***RING OF JONG LI.***

WHY ARE YOU SO WILLING TO ***KILL*** FOR IT? TO ***DIE*** FOR IT?

THE SLEEPER...

...AWAKENS.

THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET OUT OF HIM. AS I SAID, USELESS.

SO IF THE MUSEUM EXHIBIT WAS MERELY ***BAIT--***

--WHERE'S THE ***REAL*** RING?

YOU'VE ALREADY TRIED TO STEAL IT ONCE.

TAKE MY WORD, IT'S WELL PROTECTED...

COLORADO

"...AND VERY FAR FROM HERE!"

EXCUSE ME, I'M SORRY--

PARDON ME, JUST PASSING THROUGH...

THAT'S ***FAR ENOUGH,*** MISTER. THIS HERE'S A ***PRIVATE*** CARRIAGE.

I'M SORRY, I--I'M JUST HEADING TO THE CARGO CARRIAGE. I NEED TO CHECK MY ***APPARATUS--***

1250

YOUR ***WHAT*** NOW?

MY ***HOT-AIR BALLOON--*** THE ***GREEN LANTERN!***

I'M AN ***AERIALIST,*** YOU SEE. THAT'S TO SAY, AN ***AERIAL SPIRITUALIST!***

LET US GIVE THANKS, SHOULD WE NOT, FOR THE MIRACLE OF MODERN INGENUITY, WHEREBY I MAY ***RISE UP*** TO THE VERY ***EDGE OF HEAVEN--*** AND THERE COMMUNE WITH THE ***SPIRITS*** OF THE DEAR DEPARTED!

FOR A ***PRICE,*** I'LL WAGER.

GO TAKE YOUR FLIMFLAM ELSEWHERE, HUCKSTER, 'FORE I LOSE MY EQUANIMITY.

COME NOW, MR. WELCH, ANYONE CAN SEE THIS GENTLEMAN IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY FINE OF YOU TO SAY, MA'AM!

AT BUT A GLANCE, IT'S ENTIRELY CLEAR TO ME THAT YOU ARE AN ***EXCELLENT*** JUDGE OF CHARACTER. A GIFT WITH WHICH I MYSELF JUST SO HAPPEN TO BE BLESSED.

ALAN SCOTT, AT YOUR SERVICE!

WELL, AREN'T YOU QUITE THE CHARMER.

AND WITH FINER MANNERS THAN MY ***PINKERTONS,*** I MUST SAY.

MA'AM, THIS AIN'T NO GENTLEMAN HERE--

WILL YOU ***BACK AWAY*** AND LEAVE US IN ***PEACE,*** MR. WELCH!

MR. WAYNE PAYS FOR MY PROTECTION--BUT FRANKLY I'LL BE ***GRATEFUL*** FOR A MOMENT OF ***CIVILIZED*** COMPANY.

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, MA'AM. IT'S CLEAR THE GENTLEMAN HAS ONLY YOUR BEST INTERESTS AT HEART.

YOU WERE RIGHT, WHAT YOU SAID. ABOUT ***CHARACTER.*** THOUGH I REALLY CAN'T TAKE THE CREDIT.

IT'S NOT ME. NOT REALLY.

IT'S THE ***RING.***

THE... ***RING?***

THEY INSISTED I KEEP IT HIDDEN, BUT, WELL, WHERE'S THE HARM...

DAD-GUM IT MRS. SILVERTON, I ***MUST*** INSIST--

ONE MORE WORD! JUST ONE! AND I'LL THROW YOU OFF THIS TRAIN MYSELF!

HERE. THEY CALL IT THE ***RING OF JONG LI.***

MANY MEN DIED FOR IT, THEY SAY, BEFORE MY GRAND-FATHER CLAIMED IT FOR HIMSELF. GUANGZHOU, IN THE OPIUM WARS...

THIRTY YEARS AGO OR MORE, IT FIRST BEGAN TO **GLOW**--AND **SPOKE** TO ME IN MY DREAMS.

"**THREE TIMES** SHALL I **FLAME GREEN,**" IT SAID.

"THE FIRST TO BRING **DEATH.** THE SECOND TO BRING **LIFE.** THE THIRD TO BRING **POWER.**"

SO BEAUTIFUL. **OTHER-WORLDLY...**

WHAT... COULD IT **MEAN...?**

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST NOTION. BUT AS I SAID...

...IT **LIKES** YOU. I CAN TELL.

snak!

BUT. I'VE BEEN WARNED TO KEEP IT SAFE, AND THAT I SHALL. HENCE THE **PINKERTONS.**

ARE YOU SAN FRANCISCO BOUND YOURSELF, MR. SCOTT?

I'M AN AERIALIST, MA'AM.

I GO WHERE THE WIND TAKES ME.

IT IS COMING! SWIFTLY NOW!

ALL IS READY! AWAIT ME!

KABOOM!

BOOM!

FOR THE SLEEPER AWAKENS.

ANTARCTICA.

I am Adam Strange-- PROFESSOR OF ARCHAEOLOGY at the UNIVERSITY of METROPOLIS.

I SEE NOW THAT YOU CANNOT GRASP THE MEANING OF MY WORDS.

I have devoted my LIFE to the study of ancient civilizations, the rediscovery of forgotten ruins, and the reclamation of lost artifacts.

THUS TAKE MY HAND, WHICH I OFFER YOU NOW IN PEACE...

...AND BY THIS SACRED CORD, WOVEN IN THE HEARTH-FIRES OF HESTIA, SEE THE TRUTH OF MY HEART.

Yet NOTHING, in all my years of learned study, had prepared me for the fearful revelation of...

...SKARTARIS!

A SAVAGE world, as yet unknown to modern man!

Hidden deep beneath the surface of the Earth-- shadowed by the eternal firelight of our planet's molten core!

A LOST REALM of madness and monsters...

...of HORRORS... and HEROES!

For there in a deep and sunless chasm, upon an island in a sea of molten ore...

...I saw a city of AMAZONS.

Proud warriors, sworn to mutual aid and self-preservation in a realm beset by MONSTERS.

And yet, for all its dangers, a REFUGE from the CATACLYSM that wracked the surface world in eons past.

The DOOM OF KRYPTON-- which unleashed the horrors of the OTHERWORLD, and shifted the Earth's magnetic poles upon themselves...

All civilization LAID WASTE.

The survivors of lost Themyscira had long ESCHEWED the unspeakable science of the KRYPTONIANS, embracing in its stead the DIVINE MAGIC of the OLD GODS...

...even as they FLED, deep into the HEART of the world they could not save.

Yet even as I was granted this vision of the ancient past, I sensed there was more--far MORE--WITHHELD.

The Amazons must guard the secrets of their hidden redoubt...

...for they are hunted yet.

It was their SEERS who foretold the return of the KRYPTONIAN DOOM.

"LET THEM DIE," some said. The sunlit world of men was a long-forbidden place, abjured.

Yet one stood in defiance. A lone voice, compelled by conscience.

DIANA. Daughter of the queen.

"Who are we, to thus stand idly by as innocents are slaughtered?

"Shall we but cast our eyes aside, and tell ourselves we are yet worthy of grace?

"I CARE NOT if the gods would allow it.

"I will not allow it."

TWELVE stood with her. DIANA'S DOZEN.

Twelve Amazons to TAME that savage realm, and rediscover the long-lost path to the forbidden world of men.

Yet they found the paths of old were CLOSED, fallen to earthquakes, tectonic shifts--and worse.

Their quest for sunlight became a battle for SURVIVAL.

And one by one, they FELL...

...until only ONE remained.

One to find the last path to the sunlit world, and the ruins of their ancestral enemies--HATED KRYPTON.

MARS.

One to carry the WARNING.

For the SCOURGE of KRYPTON did not die, but merely fell into slumber...

...and now the SLEEPER AWAKENS!

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ

TO BE CONTINUED!

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #4
cover art by **Leandro Fernández** and **Matt Hollingsworth**

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COLORADO.

Nngh...

ALIVE.

HOW... AM I STILL ALIVE?

MRS. SILVERTON! DON'T YOU FRET NOW, I'LL SOON GET YOU OUT OF THERE!

N-NO, IT--

IT'S TOO LATE...FOR ME...MR. SCOTT...

NONE OF THAT! WHY, I'VE A *HOT-AIR BALLOON* ALL CRATED UP IN THE CARGO CARRIAGE!

WE'LL BE HOTFOOTING IT BACK TO CIVILIZATION BEFORE YOU CAN SAY *JIM DANDY!*

NO, PLEASE, DON'T--

AAGH!

YOU--YOU'RE A KINDHEARTED MAN, MR, SCOTT. BUT PLEASE, D-DON'T TRY TO MOVE ME. I'M DONE FOR.

HERE. *TAKE IT.* WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME...

THE RING OF JONG LI.

I'M SORRY, BUT--

--BEFORE YOU GO HANDING OUT PRICELESS HEIRLOOMS, YOU SHOULD KNOW I--I'M NOT THE MAN YOU THINK I AM.

TRUTH IS, I'M...NOT A GOOD PERSON. EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU BEFORE WAS A LIE.

I NEVER DID COMMUNE WITH THE ANGELS. NEVER EVEN BELIEVED IN THEM.

I'VE LIED AND CHEATED AND SWINDLED MY WAY THOUGH LIFE. I TELL PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT TO HEAR... AND THEY PAY ME HANDSOMELY FOR IT.

I FIND THEIR PAIN, THEIR WEAKNESS, AND I...EXPLOIT IT.

I CAN'T DO THAT TO YOU NOW. NOT LIKE THIS.

IT'S DUMB LUCK I'M STILL ALIVE, BUT...

...I DON'T DESERVE TO BE.

YOU TALK... TOO MUCH. HUSH NOW...AND ***LISTEN.***

YOU'RE NOT ALIVE...BECAUSE YOU'RE LUCKY. YOU'RE ALIVE...BECAUSE IT ***SAVED*** YOU.

TAKE IT.

NOW ***EARN...*** WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN.

MY TIME... IS SHORT. THE GATES...OPEN. REMEMBER... WHAT I TOLD YOU.

THREE TIMES... SHALL IT FLAME GREEN. ONCE... TO BRING DEATH...

ONCE TO BRING--

WAIT! DID YOU HEAR THAT...?

SOMEONE'S COMING! ***WE'RE SAVED!***

FIND THE RING.

LEAVE NONE ALIVE.

PLEASE... H-HELP ME...

I BRING YOU PEACE.

SLISSHH...!

GOD IN HEAVEN--!

MRS. SILVERTON--WE'VE TO KEEP DEATHLY QUIET NOW! THERE'S ***LOOTERS*** ABOUT!

MRS. SILVERTON...?

OH NO.

GOTTA GET GONE! FIND THE BALLOON, GET A FIRE GOING TO GET HER ALOFT--

...DAMN, BUT THEY'D SEE IT!

HELLO, AMERICAN MAN. COME TO US. WE WILL HELP YOU.

WE HAVE WITH US FOOD. MEDICINE. MANY GOOD THINGS.

Uh...

WELL, THAT'S...MIGHTY KIND OF YOU GENTLEMEN. BUT I'M FINE. ***ENTIRELY SPLENDID,*** AS A MATTER OF FACT.

SO YOU JUST CARRY ON ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

THE RING! HE WEARS IT OPENLY!

BRING ME OUR LADY'S PRIZE--AND THE HAND THAT BEARS IT. WHAT REMAINS, WE SHALL LEAVE FOR THE WOLVES.

I--I FEEL OBLIGATED TO WARN YOU! I AM A ***SPIRITUALIST!*** I HAVE ***CONFERRED*** WITH ***UNEARTHLY POWERS!*** YOUR VERY ***SOUL*** STANDS NOW IMPERILED--!

UNHAND ME, SIR--!

AMERICAN FOOL!

IMPOSSIBLE! ONE SUCH AS THIS COULD NEVER WIELD--

FWOOSH

AAAIEEE

THREE TIMES... SHALL I FLAME GREEN.

ONCE TO BRING DEATH...

MY GOD.

WHAT HAVE I BECOME?

GOTHAM HARBOR.

AHOY THERE! GOTHAM CUSTOMS INSPECTOR, ASKIN' PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD!

NOT LIKE YOU TO GET YOUR FEET WET, McKINLEY. WE'D USUALLY HANDLE BUSINESS PORTSIDE.

4321

FER LEGITIMATE CARGO, AYE. BUT AS TO OUR DEAL, I'LL TAKE WHAT I'M OWED OUT HERE, AWAY FROM ***PRYIN' EYES.***

AN' MY PRICE TA LOOK THE OTHER WAY? ***DOUBLE*** NOW.

THAT SO?

OR MAYBE I STEAM ON DOWN THE COAST, SEE IF ***METROPOLIS*** OFFERS A WARMER WELCOME FOR MY CARGO.

KAHNDAQI OPIUM? NAIROMI DIAMONDS? RUM FROM CORTO MALTESE?

AYE, THEM METRO DANDIES'LL WAVE IT ON THROUGH, AN' OFFER YOU A FREE ROOM FER THE NIGHT BESIDES--WITH ***STONE WALLS*** AN' ***IRON BARS!***

MAYBE WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT HERE. LET US PUT IN TO PORT, AND WE CAN SETTLE THIS OVER SOME OF THAT RUM--

PORTSIDE AIN'T SAFE! THE ***BAT'S*** BEEN TEARIN' OUR WHOLE OPERATION ***APART!***

THEY SAY THE ***BAT*** CAN'T BE ***KILLED!*** SAY IT'S A ***VENGEFUL SPIRIT,*** SUMMONED UP BY THE HEATHENS FOR WHAT WE DONE TO 'EM!

LIKE A SHADOW COME ALIVE, TO DRAG A MAN SCREAMIN' INTO THE SKY.

FOLKS WHO SEEN IT...THEY AIN'T THE SAME AFTER.

BY GOD, YOU ***GOTHAMITES*** ARE A COWARDLY AND SUPERSTITIOUS LOT!

THE BAT'S NAUGHT BUT A ***MAN!*** SO DON'T YOU FRET. UNLESS YOU THINK HE FLEW ACROSS THE HARBOR ON HIS ***LITTLE BAT WINGS?***

AS FOR MYSELF, I'LL PLOT MY COURSE BY REASON AND RATIONALITY, FOR I ***DON'T BELIEVE*** A MAN CAN ***FLY--***

UNLIKELY!

H-HEAVEN HELP US--!

WHAWG!

HE AIN'T NO DEVIL! JUST A *MAN* AFTER ALL!

AN' A MAN CAN *BLEED.*

FREE OUR CAPTAIN-- 'FORE WE GUT YA LIKE A FISH!

Hrn.

KWUP!

URGHH--!

:Khaff!: :Kof!:

GHUHHH...

TAKE A BREATH, CAPTAIN.

THAT'S IT. AND ANOTHER.

THERE. FEELING BETTER?

GOOD.

WHUP!

YOU SMUGGLED ***ASSASSINS*** INTO MY CITY.

SO IF YOU EVER WANT TO TAKE ***ANOTHER*** BREATH, YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME ***EVERYTHING*** YOU KNOW...

...ABOUT THE ***LEAGUE OF SHADOWS!***

ANTARCTICA.

Professor ADAM STRANGE, Day--

...I confess, I do not know WHAT day it is. Nor the week, nor month. Time fleets by in a dizzying whirl.

All about, HIGH STRANGENESS abounds, with profundities proliferating seemingly by the hour.

As to which-- certain revelations have been made to me, which I dare not commit to this journal.

For I cannot know whose prying eyes may yet fall upon its contents.

Suffice it to say, I have been made privy to the nature of the THREAT now facing man--

Or rather, I should say, facing HUMANITY.

Alas, in this polar extremity there is no telegraph line, no Pony Express...

No means by which to communicate the URGENCY of the warning--not to yourself, Mr. Wayne, nor to our PRESIDENT, as is due, nor to all the Kings and Queens, Sultans and Emperors of our world.

It is with great agony, therefore, that I must tear myself from the greatest archaeological discovery of our modern age.

I leave behind your charter and her crew, who shall continue the work, yet barely begun, of mapping and cataloging these newfound remnants of the lost KRYPTONIAN AGE.

Our wondrous visitor, DIANA of LOST THEMYSCIRA, journeys with me.

Or rather, I with her. For I am but a witness, she the messenger.

Her abilities continue to astound.

Not only feats of super-human physicality, hardy fortitude, and selfless compassion, but, additionally, displays of the most deft mental acuity.

No sooner had she begun to gather the rudiments of our English language than she devoured with great alacrity those few tomes and textbooks with which our meager encampment was furnished.

Though they had not set eyes on the fairer sex in many months, I must commend our crew for conducting themselves with only the most GENTLEMANLY of comportment.

Alas, the same cannot be said for the grizzled hunters and salty sea dogs populating this icy continent's sole whaling port--

NO.

AMBUSH!

OH DEAR.

REDALE

PROBLEM?

I SHALL NOT LIE WITH THESE MEN.

NOW THEY UNDERSTAND, YES?

WHUNCH!

I'D SAY YOU'VE COMMUNICATED YOUR POSITION ON THE MATTER WITH ADMIRABLE PERSPICUITY.

I'VE SECURED US PASSAGE ON THE *ECLIPSE*--A LADEN WHALER, DUE TO SET OUT FOR SOUTH AMERICA IN TWO DAYS.

I OFFER YOU MY THANKS, STRANGE ADAM. I UNDERSTAND, THIS UNDERTAKING, IT IS A HARDSHIP FOR YOU.

THIS VESSEL, IT WILL CARRY US TO YOUR ***KINGDOM?***

I'M PROUD TO SAY WE DID AWAY WITH KINGS SOME TIME AGO. WE HAVE SOMETHING FAR SUPERIOR--A ***PRESIDENT!***

THOUGH MY... ***REALM...*** LIES HALF A WORLD AWAY. THE JOURNEY WILL TAKE MONTHS, I FEAR.

WAYNE WHALING COMPANY

Ugh. ALL I HAVE ENDURED, THE FRIENDS I HAVE LOST...

...ONLY TO FIND MYSELF YET IN A WASTELAND OF ICE AND SALT WATER.

IT IS NOT IN MY NATURE TO BE--

WHAT IS THE WORD? A ***PASSENGER?***

YOU ARE CLEARLY A GREAT MANY THINGS, DIANA--BUT I FEAR FOR THE MAN WHO EVER ***DARES*** CALL YOU A MERE PASSENGER.

VERY WELL. LET US SEE THIS VESSEL.

I WILL STAND WITH HER WARRIORS, SHOULD WE BE BESET BY ***SIRENS***-- OR, GODS FORBID, A ***SQUALUSAUR!***

Um...

I'M NOT SURE WE HAVE THOSE?

MY PATRON, ***BRUCE WAYNE,*** IS BOTH HIGHLY ESTEEMED AND SUPREMELY WELL-CONNECTED.

I HAVE LITTLE DOUBT HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO ARRANGE AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT!

HE SENT YOU UNPREPARED TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE WORLD.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS...BRUCE WAYNE?

MUCH LIKE ANY OTHER, I SUPPOSE.

JUST ***RICHER.***

THEN LET US BE WARY.

I KNOW YOUR HEART, STRANGE ADAM. THE ***VISIONS*** I HAVE SHARED WITH YOU, THEY CARRY A WARNING, YES.

BUT ALSO THE SECRET OF A DARK AND TERRIBLE ***POWER...***

METROPOLIS.

"A POWER TOO TREACHEROUS TO BE ENTRUSTED TO THE WILES OF MORTAL AVARICE!"

LEX LUTHOR WANTS TO BUY THE PLANET?!

I'LL BE TARRED AND FEATHERED SOONER THAN SUFFER IT! I'LL PROSTRATE MYSELF ACROSS THE TRACKS OF HIS AMBITION!

GOLLY, MISS LANE. YOU SURELY CAN STOKE A FIRE!

HOW'S YOUR SHORTHAND, JIMMY? I FEEL AN OPINION PIECE COMING ON!

OH BOY.

LUTHOR IS A ***VILLAIN!*** A ***ROBBER BARON*** OF THE VERY ***LOWEST*** CHARACTER!

WHY, PULL ASIDE THE VEIL OF WEALTH AND INGENUITY, AND YOU'LL FIND NAUGHT BUT A STONE-HEARTED ***UNION BUSTER!***

ONE WHO HAS ON ***COUNTLESS*** OCCASIONS DEPLOYED ***GUN THUGS*** AND ***SABOTEURS*** TO DRIVE HONEST RANCHERS OFF THEIR LAND, PROSPECTORS OFF THEIR CLAIMS, AND RAILROAD WORKERS OFF RIVAL LINES!

PERRY WHITE
EDITO
IN-CHIE

YOU PROVE IT, I'LL PRINT IT, LOIS.

MEANWHILE, OUR LAWYERS ARE STILL FIGHTING FIRES FROM THE ***LAST*** TIME YOU VENTED YOUR SPLEEN ON THE SUBJECT OF THE ***ESTEEMED*** MR. LUTHOR.

I SEE A HUCKSTER PEDDLING ***BUNK,*** I ***DEBUNK*** IT! I SEE A FRAUDSTER FLINGING ***FLIMFLAM,*** I ***FLATTEN*** IT!

YOU KNOW THE DEPTH AND SPAN OF LUTHOR'S MORAL TURPITUDE AS WELL AS I! AND IF HE'D MAKE OF THIS NEWSPAPER A ***MOUTHPIECE*** FOR HIS ***MACHIAVELLIAN MACHINATIONS,*** WHY, I SAY IT'S OUR ***DUTY*** TO GUM UP THE WORKS!

LET ***TRUTH*** AND ***JUSTICE*** BE OUR WATCHWORDS HERE AT THE DAILY PLANET!

NOW, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT SUCH BETIMES MAY NOT HAVE DEFINED THE AMERICAN WAY--BUT IF WE ARE TO MAKE OF THESE UNITED STATES A MORE ***PERFECT*** UNION, THEN BY GOLLY I DECLARE THAT ***WE,*** BY OUR OWN HAND, MUST ***MAKE*** IT SO!

FOR IT NOT WE, THEN WHO, I ASK YOU? ***WHO?***

...

...YOU GET ALL THAT, JIMMY?

I GOT A LITTLE LOST AFTER ***FLIM-FLAM,*** MR. WHITE.

SO YOU HEARD RIGHT. LUTHOR'S MAKING A BID FOR THE PAPER--AND THE BOARD SEEMS OPEN TO HIS OFFER.

EXTORTION AND GRAFT, I DON'T DOUBT. VENAL VAMPIRES, EVERY MAN JACK OF THEM.

I'M JUST A HUMBLE EDITOR, LOIS. IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS.

UNLESS YOU FINALLY GOT SOMETHING ON LUTHOR THAT'LL STICK?

I'M ONTO SOMETHING, PERRY. I CAN FEEL IT AT THE BACK OF MY ***TEETH.***

LUTHOR'S LONG EMPLOYED MEN OF LOW CHARACTER TO ROUGH UP THE COMPETITION. BUT NOW HE'S PLUMBING THE DEPTHS--RECRUITING DIRECTLY FROM ***DEATH ROW!***

The Daily Planet

THE VAUDEVILLE VILLAINESS!

05163 GCPD

THE CAJUN CROCODILE!

17656 GCPD

THE DEAD SHOT!

65999 GCPD

AND THIS IS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG! LUTHOR'S ROUNDED UP A WHOLE ***SQUAD*** OF CONVICTS.

HOW--?

HE'S GOT THE STATE GOVERNOR IN HIS BACK POCKET, THAT'S HOW.

WHY--?

THE PROBLEM IS ***PROVING*** IT. MY SOURCE AT ***BLACKGATE PRISON*** DAREN'T GO ON THE RECORD.

WHERE IS THE QUESTION!

MAPS, JIMMY! QUICK AS YOU CAN! DEMOCRACY HANGS IN THE BALANCE!

YES, MISS LANE--!

LUTHOR'S BEEN BUYING UP *OLD MINES,* ALL ACROSS KANSAS.

WORTHLESS CLAIMS AND TAPPED-OUT VEINS, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM--YET EVEN SO, HE PAID *TOP DOLLAR!*

SAYS HE'S DIGGING FOR *EMERALDS*--BUT IF THERE'S EMERALDS IN KANSAS, I'M THE *QUEEN OF SHEBA.*

HE'S RECRUITING THE WORST OF THE WORST, AND EXPENDING *HUGE* RESOURCES FOR *ZERO* RETURN.

NOW DOES THAT SOUND LIKE THE RUTHLESS CAPITALIST WE KNOW AND LOVE?

HE'S *HIDING* SOMETHING. I AIM TO FIND OUT *WHAT*--AND I CAN'T DO THAT FROM METROPOLIS.

GET ME OUT THERE, PERRY!

SLAP-BANG IN BETWEEN ALL THESE DUBIOUS ENDEAVORS LIES A QUIET LITTLE ONE-HORSE TOWN, WAY OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...

...AND LUTHOR JUST BUILT A *RAILROAD* THROUGH IT!

I DON'T KNOW, LOIS. THIS IS PRETTY THIN SOUP.

ALTERNATIVELY, IF YOU'D PREFER, I CAN REMAIN TO HAUNT THESE HALLOWED HALLWAYS AND OFFER YOU MY INSIGHTS IN PERSON. DAILY.

RIGHT UP UNTIL LUTHOR PULLS THE PAPER OUT FROM UNDER US.

I'LL COVER EXPENSES.

TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED.

SADDLE UP, JIMMY! WE'RE GOING WEST, YOUNG MAN!

LUTHORVILLE MINEHEAD, KANSAS.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

WELCOME TO OUR ***GRAND ENTERPRISE,*** MR. STONE. AND THANK YOU FOR HELPING RESOLVE OUR ***PATENT*** ISSUE IN PERSON.

AS I'M SURE YOU CAN IMAGINE, MR. LUTHOR'S TIME IS PRECIOUS.

ANY EXCURSION THAT COMPELS ME BEYOND THE DRAB WALLS OF THE OFFICE IS TO BE WELCOMED, MISS GRAVES!

I MUST SAY, IT'S AN IMPRESSIVE OPERATION YOU HAVE HERE.

ALTHOUGH--

...GOOD LORD. ARE THOSE MEN BEING ***STRIPPED AND SEARCHED?***

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE. CONTRACTUALLY STIPULATED.

PERFECTLY LEGAL, I ASSURE YOU.

NEVERTHELESS, IT STRIKES ONE AS RATHER... ***UNSAVORY.***

AM I TO CONSIDER YOUR EMPLOYER A MINING MAGNATE, THEN? OR RAILROAD BARON, INDUSTRIALIST, INVENTOR...?

ALL THESE AND ***MORE,*** MR. STONE.

I AM THE HERALD OF A NEW AGE OF MAN.

VICTOR STONE, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE...

...LEX LUTHOR!

AN HONOR, SIR!

YES.

YOUR ELECTRO-GRAVITIC ***PATENT APPLICATION*** CAUSED SOMETHING OF A ***STIR,*** I FEAR!

MY SUPERIORS HAVING DEEMED IT IMPLAUSIBLE--

IT IS ***ENTIRELY*** PLAUSIBLE, AND YOUR *"SUPERIORS"* ARE YOUR INFERIORS.

HOWEVER, THE PATENT--AND ITS SUBSEQUENT CONTENTION--WAS, IN TRUTH, MERELY A PLOY DESIGNED TO BRING ***YOU,*** MR. STONE, TO ***ME.***

ME?

I MUST CONFESS, I--I AM ALTOGETHER AT A LOSS...?

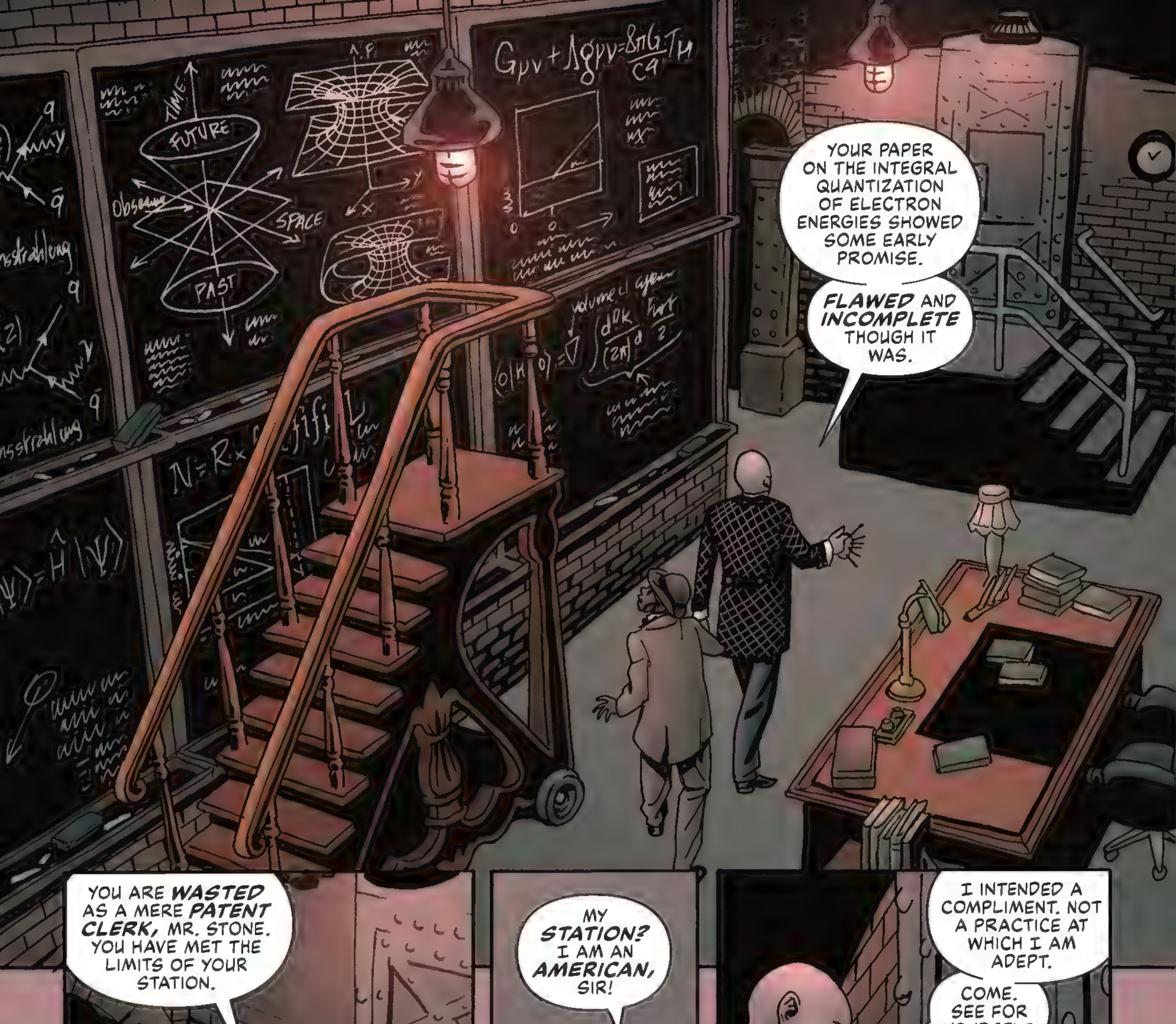
I HAVE HERE NO SHORTAGE OF STRONG ARMS AND QUICK TRIGGER FINGERS.

WHAT I REQUIRE ARE ***NIMBLE MINDS,*** SUFFICIENT TO GRASP THE ENORMITY OF IMMINENT POTENTIAL.

ARE YOU PROPOSING SOME FORM OF ***PARTNER-SHIP?***

HA! NO. THAT WOULD REQUIRE PARITY OF INTELLECT.

NO, WHAT I SEEK IS AN ***ASSISTANT.*** ONE MERELY CAPABLE OF... ***KEEPING UP.***


TIME
FUTURE
SPACE
PAST
YOUR PAPER ON THE INTEGRAL QUANTIZATION OF ELECTRON ENERGIES SHOWED SOME EARLY PROMISE.
FLAWED AND INCOMPLETE THOUGH IT WAS.
YOU ARE WASTED AS A MERE PATENT CLERK, MR. STONE. YOU HAVE MET THE LIMITS OF YOUR STATION.
MY STATION? I AM AN AMERICAN, SIR!
I INTENDED A COMPLIMENT. NOT A PRACTICE AT WHICH I AM ADEPT.
COME. SEE FOR YOURSELF.
SEE WHAT, LUTHOR?
WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING...?

THE *FUTURE,* MR. STONE.

DANGER

HIGH VOLTAGE

TO BE CONTINUED!

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ
HOLLINGSWORTH

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #5
cover art by **Leandro Fernández** and **Matt Hollingsworth**

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BASED ON **GOTHAM BY GASLIGHT**
BY **BRIAN AUGUSTYN** AND **MIKE MIGNOLA**

BATMAN CREATED
BY **BOB KANE** WITH **BILL FINGER**

SUPERMAN CREATED BY **JERRY SIEGEL**
AND **JOE SHUSTER**. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT
WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY

LUTHORVILLE MINEHEAD.

GOOD GOD, LUTHOR! HOW DOES HE YET LIVE? WHY DOES HE NOT *FALL...?*

IT--IT DEFIES THE LAW OF *GRAVITY!*

NOT GRAVITY, BUT *TIME,* MR. STONE.

THOUGH I HAVE DEDUCED BOTH TO BE MERE EXPRESSIONS OF THE SAME UNDERLYING EQUATION.

ISAAC NEWTON MAY HAVE SCRAWLED A CRUDE FIRST DRAFT OF GRAVITY'S LAWS--BUT I ASSURE YOU, THE FINER DETAILS ESCAPED HIM ENTIRELY.

THAT PRIZE FALLS TO ME.

WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE* TO THIS MAN?

HE--*IT*--IS AN OBJECT OF STUDY, NOTHING MORE.

BUT IF YOU ARE TO *JOIN* ME IN MY GREAT ENDEAVOR, IT IS NECESSARY THAT YOU FIRST GRASP THE *EPOCHAL SIGNIFICANCE* OF MY DISCOV-ERIES.

FOR THREE DECADES AND MORE, I HAVE *STUDIED* THE PHENOMENON CAGED BEFORE YOU.

IN SO DOING, I HAVE DECIPHERED THE *HIDDEN LAWS* THAT GOVERN OUR UNIVERSE--AND SOON, THE MEANS BY WHICH SUCH LAWS MAY BE ENTIRELY *OVER-THROWN!*

"QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY, IT WAS IN THE SEPTEMBER OF 1859 THAT THE PATH OF MY LIFE'S WORK WAS TO BE SET.

"I HAD TAKEN IT UPON MYSELF, AS ANY YOUNG MAN MAY IN IDLE HOURS, TO DETERMINE THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE ***SUN,*** VIA A SIMPLE EXPERIMENT IN SPECTROGRAPHY.

"THUS IT WAS BY CHANCE THAT I WITNESSED FIRSTHAND THE ***CARRINGTON EVENT--***

"A ***SOLAR FLARE*** OF SUCH UNPRECEDENTED ***MAGNITUDE,*** IT BLEW OUT ***TELEGRAPH WIRES--*** AND SUMMONED FORTH ***DAZZLING AURORAS*** ACROSS THE GLOBE!

"MORE SIGNIFICANTLY, THE ERUPTION ***DISLODGED*** AN ***ANCIENT OBJECT*** FROM ITS LONG AND LONELY ***SOLAR ORBIT--***

"--AND SENT IT ***CAREENING*** ACROSS THE ***VOID!***"

"ONE YEAR LATER, THE OBJECT *FELL TO EARTH.*

BOOM

"*THE GREAT METEOR* OF 1860 WAS NO METEOR AT ALL, BUT SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.

"ITS ARRIVAL *AWAKENED* AN *ARCHEOLOGICAL RELIC* THAT HAD LONG ABSORBED MY ATTENTION.

"SUDDENLY IT *SURGED* WITH *POWER!*

"AS GOOD FORTUNE WOULD HAVE IT, I LOST NAUGHT BUT MY...DIGNITY.

"MY *LABORATORY ASSISTANT,* HOWEVER, WAS CAUGHT WITHIN THE *INMOST RADIUS* OF THIS OTHERWORLDLY EFFECT..."

...AND THUS HE HAS REMAINED.

ELECTRO-STATICALLY FROZEN IN A ***FLASH.***

THE POOR, SUFFERING SOUL! WHAT WAS--

--WHAT ***IS*** HIS NAME?

I FAIL TO SEE THE RELEVANCE OF THE QUESTION. THE NAME IS ENTIRELY INCONSEQUENTIAL.

GARRICK, WAS IT? JAY GARRICK...?

BUT THIS IS ***UNCONSCIONABLE!*** SURELY WE MUST SEEK THE MEANS TO ***FREE*** HIM!

WHY ON EARTH WOULD I DO THAT?

I SEE ALL ABOUT THESE NEW ***EQUATIONS*** OF YOURS. MASS AND ENERGY, SPACE AND TIME...

BUT OF WHAT USE ARE ***METEORS*** AND ***MATHEMATICS,*** WHEN A MAN'S VERY ***LIFE AND SOUL*** HANG IN THE BALANCE?

HAVE YOU NO ***DECENCY,*** SIR?

I TELL YOU IT WAS NO METEOR, BUT A PRODUCT OF ***ARTIFICE.*** A ***DEVICE!***

A ***KEY*** TO UNLOCK ***UNPRECEDENTED POWER! INVISIBLE, TRANSMISSIBLE*** POWER!

BY MY CALCULATIONS, IT FELL TO EARTH SOMEWHERE IN ***KANSAS.***

AFTER ***DECADES*** OF SEARCH, MY AGENTS ARE CLOSE TO TRIANGULATING ITS LOCATION--

--AND WITH IT, I SHALL ***HARNESS*** FOR ALL MANKIND THE ***PROMETHEAN FIRE*** THAT ***RAGES*** AT THE HEART OF CREATION!

FOR ALL MANKIND, LUTHOR? OR FOR ***YOURSELF?***

YOU HAVE KEPT JAY GARRICK A ***SLAVE*** TO YOUR AMBITIONS--SINCE THE VERY DAYS OUR FATHERS ***WARRED*** TO ***END*** SUCH EVIL.

I SHALL PLAY NO PART IN THIS ***INIQUITY.*** INDEED, I SHALL BEND EVERY SINEW IN SEEKING ITS ***REMEDY.***

I BID YOU ***GOOD DAY,*** SIR.

I OFFER YOU A PLACE IN HISTORY, YET YOU HAVE NOT THE METTLE TO MEET IT?

PUT ASIDE THIS PETTY CHURCH MORALITY. IT ILL SUITS A MAN OF SCIENCE.

I SAID GOOD DAY.

LEAVING US SO SOON, MR. STONE?

NOT A MOMENT *TOO* SOON, MISS GRAVES.

YOU SHALL BE HEARING FROM THE AUTHORITIES.

OH, I VERY MUCH DOUBT THAT.

RRRR!

RRRRR

RRRRRRR

THE SEARCH CONTINUES, I TAKE IT?

FOR A TECHNICAL ASSISTANT, YES. THOUGH MR. STONE MAY YET FIND USE AS A *TEST SUBJECT...*

...FOR MY *REMOTE DETONATOR.*

AMONG OTHER THINGS.

click!

BOOM

GOTHAM.

WAYNE INDUSTRIAL COMPANY

STILL NO WORD FROM MY *PINKERTONS...*

EDITH SILVERTON'S TRAIN NEVER REACHED SAN FRANCISCO.

I BLAME MYSELF.

I WAS A FOOL TO DELEGATE THE RESPONSIBILITY TO *HIRELINGS.* TO HIDE BEHIND MY FATHER'S FORTUNE.

THE *BAT-MAN* IS A *NECESSITY,* BRUCE--BUT HE CANNOT BE IN ALL PLACES AT ONCE.

THE BAT WINGS ARE *ENTIRELY* NECESSARY.

AS FOR YOUR *FORTUNE,* I'D SAY IT'S MORE THAN PROVED ITS UTILITY IN THAT REGARD. NOT LEAST IN IMPROVING UPON ALEXANDRE LeROI'S FEARFUL DESIGN.

THOUGH THE BAT WINGS MIGHT BE A TOUCH... OUTRÉ?

:Ahem:

THE BOILER HAS REACHED OPTIMUM PRESSURE, MASTER BRUCE.

VERY GOOD, ALFRED.

I'VE STOWED ALL THE COAL SHE CAN CARRY. ENOUGH TO GET ME HOME... I HOPE.

TAKE CARE.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DARLING.

GOTHAM WILL JUST HAVE TO ENDURE WITHOUT HIM AWHILE. UPON WHICH TOPIC, ALFRED, A THOUGHT OCCURS.

FORMERLY YOU SERVED WITH BRITISH INTELLIGENCE, DID YOU NOT?

I WAS INDEED EMBROILED IN WHAT KIPLING TERMED THE ***GREAT GAME***--THAT OF COUNTERING THE WILES OF THE TSAR.

THOUGH I'M AFRAID IT WAS MANY YEARS AGO NOW.

NEVERTHELESS, GOTHAM NEEDS A PROTECTOR--AND YOU'LL FIND ME AN AVID STUDENT.

LET US BEGIN WITH THE ART OF THE BLADE.

WAYNE

LUTHORVILLE MINEHEAD.

NNNGH--!

WH--

WH-WHERE... AM I...?

HUSH NOW, MR. STONE.

YOU HAD YOUR MOMENT TO SPEAK. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO *LISTEN.*

THERE WAS A DREADFUL EXPLOSION. SEVERAL WEEKS AGO NOW.

IT WAS ONLY WITH THE BENEFIT OF MY TIMELY INTERVENTION THAT YOU SURVIVED.

WELL...

...*MOST* OF YOU.

GOD, IT *HURTS--!*

WH-WHY... AM I NOT...IN A *HOSPITAL?*

REALLY, YOU SHOULD BE *THANKING* ME.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO BECOME ONE OF THE GREAT PIONEERS OF HISTORY.

VENTURING FORTH INTO AS-YET UNEXPLORED REALMS OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE, AS AN ENTIRELY *NEW* FORM OF BEING!

THE VERY *PINNACLE* OF HUMAN EVOLUTION...

THE *MELDING* OF *MIND* AND *MACHINE!*

NO--!

WHAT... HAVE YOU DONE...?

WHATEVER I WISHED. SINCE I HAD YOU DECLARED *DEAD*, YOU'RE NOW SIMPLY...*RAW MATERIAL.*

TO DO WITH AS I WILL. FOR AS LONG AS I CARE TO.

I IMAGINE THE PAIN MUST BE QUITE EXTRAORDINARY. I CAN OFFER YOU *MORPHINE*...

...BUT FIRST, THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE YOU TO DO FOR ME.

YOU-- MONSTER--!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

I IMAGINE YOU'D LIKE TO STRANGLE ME, WOULDN'T YOU?

PICTURE IT CLEARLY IN YOUR MIND. YOUR HAND REACHING OUT. SEIZING ME BY THE THROAT.

YOUR GRIP TIGHTENING. SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF ME...

THAT'S IT. GOOD. VERY GOOD!

THE MIND COMMANDS...

...AND THE LIMBS OBEY!

SUEZ CANAL, EGYPT.

GOD'S TEETH, CONSTANTINE, YOU'VE BEGGARED THE TABLE!

WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?

FIRST RULE OF POKER, MATE. PLAY THE PLAYERS, NOT THE GAME.

ONE LAST GAME? NO TAKERS?

IF I WANTED TO SIT AROUND PLAYIN' WITH MYSELF, I'D HAVE STAYED IN ME CABIN!

I WOULD TAKE THE MEASURE OF YOU, JOHN CONSTANTINE.

...

CAN'T QUITE PLACE THAT ACCENT, MATE. AN' I'VE BEEN AROUND.

DO I KNOW YOU?

NONE DO.

I AM A *STRANGER* HERE.

GOTTA SAY, THAT'S A FINE **BAUBLE** 'ROUND YER NECK.

FRIEND OF MINE'S GOT ONE JUST LIKE IT.

ITS AURA CLINGS ABOUT YOU STILL. IT DREW ME HENCE.

YET I SENSE YOU HAVE BUT THE MEREST NOTION OF THE MEDALLION'S TRUE ORIGIN, ITS PURPOSE, OR ITS POWER.

SO **ENLIGHTEN** ME.

NO.

YOUR INQUISITIVENESS WILL BE YOUR **UNDOING,** JOHN CONSTANTINE.

YOU WOULD MEDDLE WITH FORCES BEYOND YOUR ABILITY TO COMPREHEND, LET ALONE CONTROL.

STORY OF MY BLOODY LIFE, MATE.

THING IS, FOR A BLOKE I'VE ONLY JUST MET, YOU SEEM ANNOYINGLY WELL-INFORMED.

WHICH MAKES ME WONDER WHO YOU'RE ***WORKIN'*** FOR.

THE RUSSIANS? THE TURKS? THE BLOODY ***FRENCH?***

AS YOU SAY-- ONE PLAYS THE PLAYER, NOT THE GAME.

I ***HUNT*** A MAN. A ***POWERFUL*** MAN. I WOULD GLEAN WHAT YOU KNOW OF HIM.

AYE? SOUNDS LIKE MAYBE WE COULD HELP EACH OTHER OUT, THEN. SEEIN' AS I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT ***MEDALLION...***

...AN' YOU'RE NOT SO WELL-INFORMED AFTER ALL.

NOT YET.

AAH--!

THERE.

IT IS DONE.

I HAVE SIFTED THE SUM OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE, AND ITS MEASURE IS PITIFULLY SMALL.

YOU CHASE ***PHANTOMS,*** JOHN CONSTANTINE.

MYTH AND MISDIRECTION.

OOF--!

WHUD!

NOT PHANTOMS.

A ***DEMON.***

THE DEMON YOU SEEK HAS MANY HANDS, WIELDING MANY BLADES. AND ITS HEAD WILL MOST LIKELY TAKE YOURS.

I KNOW THIS, BECAUSE YOU KNOW THIS. SO WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN THIS CHARADE?

'CAUSE I-- I DID MY TIME SERVIN' QUEEN AN' COUNTRY. NEVER AGAIN.

I KNOW WHAT ***EMPIRES*** ARE CAPABLE OF.

YOU HAVE ***NO IDEA*** WHAT EMPIRES ARE CAPABLE OF.

OI! HANG ABOUT!

I'M NOT *DONE* WITH YOU YET--!

WHAT ABOUT OUR--

--DEAL?

...

WELL, BOLLOCKS.

COLORADO.

THE GREEN LANTERN

MIRACLE OF THE MODERN AGE

Hrn.

SMALLVILLE.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

BEHOLD THE MIRACLE OF THE GREEN LANTERN!

THERE I WAS-- GRIPPED IN DEATH'S CLUTCHES! EVILDOERS ADVANCING UPON ME WITH MURDEROUS INTENT!

WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, I FELT AN OTHERWORLDLY POWER RISE UP WITHIN ME--

--ST. ELMO'S FIRE!

SALOON

GENERAL STORE

JONES

HATS-BOOTS CLOTHING

SMALLVILLE

THAT MYSTIC FLAME SENT MY ATTACKERS REELING--

--AND FILLED MY AERIAL APPARATUS TO CARRY ME HERE-- AS IF BY A WIND OF ITS OWN MAKING!

WHY SMALLVILLE, YOU ASK? WHAT LOFTY PURPOSE SUMMONED ME HENCE? WHO CAN SAY?

IN SEARCH OF THE ANSWER, LET US RISE TOGETHER INTO THE HEAVENLY FIRMAMENT, THERE TO COMMUNE WITH THE HIGHER POWERS...

...AND ALL FOR THE LOW, LOW PRICE OF JUST THREE DOLLARS A HEAD--WEATHER PERMITTING!

ALAN SCOTT, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE.

THAT NOTORIOUS PURVEYOR OF HOT AIR. A WIND OF YOUR OWN MAKING INDEED!

...aw crap.

MISS LOIS LANE! SUCH RARE DELIGHT, THAT WE SHOULD MEET AGAIN!

SPEAK UP FOR YOURSELVES, FOLKS!

WHO'D LIKE TO SEE A LIVE DEMONSTRATION OF THIS GENTLEMAN'S PURPORTED POWERS OF THE PARANORMAL?

YEAH!

SHOW US!

Uh...VERY WELL! Uh...

ILLUMINATE!

ABRACADABRA!

FLAME ON--!

IT SEEMS ST. ELMO IS OTHERWISE OCCUPIED.

TRY RUNNING YOUR SCAM ON THE LOCAL *SHERIFF.*

I'M SURE HE'D BE *FASCINATED* TO HEAR YOU WERE RUN OUT OF *METROPOLIS* FOR *FLEECING* RICH WIDOWS.

M-MISS LANE, PLEASE-- HAVE MERCY! BY ALL ACCOUNTS, THE SHERIFF OF SMALLVILLE'S A *FEARSOME* FELLOW...

...AND I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE A *LIVING* HERE!

MAKE IT AN *HONEST* LIVING AND WE'LL HAVE NO QUARREL.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE, MR. SCOTT.

QUITE A REPUTATION FOR THIS MYSTERIOUS *SHERIFF* WE'VE YET TO MEET. THEY SAY THE MAN'S NEVER LOST A FIGHT.

MAYBE HE'S ON LUTHOR'S PAYROLL, LIKE IN EVERY OTHER TOWN AROUND HERE. OR MAYBE HE'S JUST *LUCKY.*

SALOON

LIQUORS

IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO THE STORIES I'VE HEARD SINCE WE GOT HERE...

...THE SHERIFF OF SMALLVILLE MUST BE JUST ABOUT THE *LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE!*

TELEGRAPH OFFICE

FIVE DOLLARS FOR ONE MEASLY TELEGRAM TO LUTHORVILLE?!

WHAT, Y'THINK I FELL OFF THE STUPID WAGON AN' HIT EVERY BRANCH ON THE WAY DOWN?

TELEGRAPH

GAGH--!

I-IT'S A STANDARD FEE, SIR, AS I TRIED TO EXPLAIN--

UHHF--!

WELL, WHAT IF I AIN'T GOT FIVE DOLLARS--ON ACCOUNT OF HAVIN' LOST IT TO CARDS AN' WHISKEY? Y'EVER THINK O' THAT?

W-WELL, THEN I-- I'D SAY WE HAVE AN ISSUE IN NEED OF RESOLUTION!

P-PERHAPS THE BANK MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO EXTEND A LINE OF CREDIT?

HOW 'BOUT I EXTEND A LINE OF YOUR INNARDS?

THAT RESOLVE THE ISSUE TO YOUR LIKIN'?

THAT'S ENOUGH!

STEP AWAY.

WELL, LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRUG IN...AN' SPAT OUT AGAIN.

YOU WHAT PASSES FOR THE ***LAW*** 'ROUND HERE? HELL, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE NOTHIN' AT ALL!

WALK AWAY, ***LAWMAN.***

WE'LL DO LIKEWISE.

YOU STAY OUT OF IT, SIR. THIS AIN'T NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.

MAKIN' IT MY CONCERN.

THAT'S A FINE TAILCOAT. BE A SHAME TO PUT A ***HOLE*** IN IT ON ACCOUNT OF FIVE DOLLARS.

DROP YOUR GUN BELT.

I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW ME.

GET BEHIND ME, JIMMY.

TELEGRA'H OFFICE

LEGRAPH

YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN CLEAR YOUR HOLSTER BEFORE I PULL THIS TR--

BLAM!!

AAAH--!

Pitanngg!

CALLED ME OUT, LAWMAN.

THAT WAS A MISTAKE.

N-NOW WAIT A SECOND--

BLAM

PITTANNGG!

HAW HAW HAW!

I...I GUESS I *DO* KNOW WHO YOU ARE. FROM THE POSTERS, THE *WILD WEST SHOW--*

--YOU'RE THE ONE THEY CALL THE *DEAD SHOT!*

YOU'RE ABOUT TO LEARN WHY.

HAUL UP A SECOND! YOU HEAR THAT...?

SOUNDS LIKE A... *STAMPEDE...?*

RRRRMMMMBBBBLLLL

CITY DRUGSTORE

:Cough:

:Hack:

PARDON ME, I--

:Ahem:

...I DO APOLOGIZE.

PRAIRIE DUST.

I WAS JUST OUT IN THE, *uh...*

OH.

IS THERE A ***PROBLEM,*** DEPUTY ROSS?

TELEGRAPH

HELL'S IT ***LOOK*** LIKE, SHERIFF?!

DEPUTY ROSS? SO THIS IS YOUR SHERIFF? HE AIN'T EVEN WEARIN' A GUN!

A-HAW HAW HAW!

WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'VE NEVER BEEN TERRIBLY FOND OF THE THINGS.

I ALWAYS SAY, IF A DISPUTE CAN'T BE RESOLVED WITH A REASONABLE EXCHANGE OF OPINIONS, THEN REALLY, WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR--

LIQUORS-SPIRITS-BEER-WINE

BLAM!

KRUMP

WAIT! THAT DUMBASS SHERIFF--HE AIN'T DEAD! HELL, HE AIN'T EVEN SHOT!

YA MISSED HIM!

...

THE HELL I DID.

SO CLUMSY... TRIPPED OVER MY OWN BOOTS!

LUCKY THING TOO...

BLAM!

SMALLVILLE SHERIFF KANSAS

pttowww!

Sp nnngg!

HUH?!

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

MY GOSH, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT. A DOUBLE MISFIRE!
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW, YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WHEN IT COMES TO THE HANDLING OF FIREARMS.

MR. WHITE IS NEVER GONNA BELIEVE THIS.

Y'KNOW, JIMMY...
...I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THE SHERIFF'S REPUTATION MIGHT BE WELL-EARNED AFTER ALL.

HARDWARE

DRUGSTORE

Hrn.

TO BE CONTINUED!

LEANDRO FERNANDEZ

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #6
cover art by **Leandro Fernández** and **Matt Hollingsworth**

ANDY DIGGLE
WRITER

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ
AND **MATT HOLLINGSWORTH**
ART AND COVER

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
COLORIST

SIMON BOWLAND
LETTERER

BASED ON **GOTHAM BY GASLIGHT**
BY **BRIAN AUGUSTYN** AND **MIKE MIGNOLA**

BATMAN CREATED
BY **BOB KANE** WITH **BILL FINGER**

SUPERMAN CREATED BY **JERRY SIEGEL**
AND **JOE SHUSTER**. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT
WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY

RUB' AL-KHALI:
"THE EMPTY QUARTER,"
ARABIA.

"WE TRACKED THE SPY FROM THE PORT OF JAZAN, MY SHEIKH!

IN A HUMBLE TEAHOUSE IN WADI AD-DAWASIR, HE SPOKE ***BRAZENLY*** OF MATTERS THAT SHOULD ONLY BE WHISPERED.

HE SPOKE OF THE ***DEMON...***

...AND THE ***SLEEPER.***

AND YOU SAW FIT TO ***ESCORT*** THIS SPY TO THE GATES OF OUR HIDDEN REDOUBT.

M-MY LORD, HE--HE SPUN A GOLDEN WEB OF WORDS, WHICH I...FELT YOU MAY WISH TO HEAR--

FOOL!

THE TRICKSTER HAS CLOUDED YOUR MIND. MADE YOU HIS ***SERVANT.***

AND YOU HAVE LED HIM TO THE VERY QUARRY HE SEEKS...

...TO ***ME.***

I WOULDN'T--

:Kaff:

--WOULDN'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM. I'VE SORT OF GOT THE GIFT OF GAB.

JOHN CONSTANTINE. FLATTERER. DECEIVER. PEDDLER OF PETTY PARLOR TRICKS.

THE LAUGHING MAGICIAN.

BLOODY HELL, YOU'VE... HEARD OF ME...?

I KNOW MORE OF YOUR LINE THAN YOU KNOW OF YOURSELF, ENGLISHMAN.

WHY SHOULD I NOT SIMPLY OPEN YOUR THROAT?

'CAUSE YOU'VE A SHARP EYE AND A KEEN MIND?

ADMIT IT, I'VE GOT YOUR CURIOSITY PIQUED.

MY PATIENCE TESTED, ALSO.

STILL, IF YOU TRULY BELIEVED I WAS QUEEN VICTORIA'S MAN, YOU'D HAVE KILLED ME BEFORE I GOT OFF THE BOAT.

SO. AN AVOWED *TURNCOAT* BEGS MY TRUST.

WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, IT DOESN'T LOOK GREAT, I'LL ADMIT.

BUT I'VE COME A LONG WAY TO FIND YOU, AND IT WASN'T AN EASY PLAY. HAD TO PULL IN A FEW FAVORS.

AND FRANKLY, NEARLY HAD MY THROAT CUT MORE TIMES THAN SEEMS STRICTLY NECESSARY.

YOUR MANNER IS IRKSOME.

SPEAK SWIFTLY, AND TO THE POINT. OF WHAT VALUE ARE YOU TO ME?

SEE, I'M WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL *A COLLECTOR OF TALL TALES.*

THEY MAKE A COLORFUL *TAPESTRY*--AND I'M PULLING ON THE *THREAD* THAT WEAVES 'EM ALL TOGETHER.

THAT THREAD IS A *MAN.*

"THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS REFER TO HIM AS ABDULLAH AL-HAZARD, ***SERVANT OF THE GREAT OLD ONE,*** WHO TRANSCRIBED FROM HIS OWN FEVER DREAMS THE BOOK OF THE NAMES OF THE DEAD.

"ACCORDING TO DR. JOHN DEE, IT WAS AL KHADIM WHO BURNED DOWN THE ***LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA***--SO NONE COULD LEARN THE TERRIBLE SECRET LOCKED WITHIN ITS DEEPEST VAULT.

"THE MEANS TO ***CHEAT DEATH.***

"IF WE'RE TO BELIEVE ***MARCO POLO***--WHICH, ADMITTEDLY, IS RARELY ADVISABLE--OUR MYSTERY MAN WAS NO ARAB AT ALL, BUT THE BASTARD SON OF A JAPANESE ***SENSEI...***

"...EXILED TO THE WEST FOR MEDDLING IN THE ***DARK ARTS,*** AND RAISED IN THE COURT OF A NAMELESS ***SULTAN.***"

"TO THE NIZARIS OF ALAMUT, HE WAS ***HASAN-I SABAH***--THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"FOUNDER OF A LEGENDARY LEAGUE OF PERSIAN ***ASSASSINS.***

"DURING THE SIEGE OF MALTA, THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLER CALLED HIM ***DHIB AL-BAHR***--THE SEA WOLF.

"A RUTHLESS ***BARBARY CORSAIR,*** SCOURGE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS, WHO ROSE TO POWER IN ***ANDALUSIA***--BEFORE THE CHRISTIANS WON IT BACK AND BURNED ALL RECORD OF HIM.

"THEY SAY HE FLED INTO THE DEAD LANDS AT THE HEART OF ARABIA, THERE TO STAND GUARD OVER THE ***FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.***

"OTHERS CLAIM HE NEVER LEFT. OR DIED, AND WAS ***REBORN...***"

PLUS THERE'S LAZARUS. THE WANDERING JEW. LE COMTE DE SAINT-GERMAIN.

OF COURSE, THESE TALES CAME CENTURIES APART. THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY ALL BE ABOUT THE SAME MAN...

...COULD THEY?

WHATEVER THE TRUTH OF IT ALL, THERE'S ONE THING I'M SURE OF.

OUT HERE IN THE DESERT, A ***SHADOW CULT*** STANDS WATCH OVER AN ***ANCIENT POWER.***

THE CULT IS A ***DEMON,*** WITH MANY HANDS WIELDING MANY BLADES. AND THE ***HEAD*** OF THE DEMON IS...

...RA'S AL GHUL!

THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM. WHATEVER YOU'RE GUARDING, IT'S ***WAKING UP.***

AND QUEEN VICTORIA ***WANTS*** IT.

SEE, THAT'S WHERE I COME IN. I'M DAMNED IF I'LL LET THE EMPIRE GET THEIR HANDS ON A POWER THAT NEARLY KILLED THE WORLD, ONCE UPON A TIME.

I MAY HAVE VICTORIA'S EAR, BUT I'M STILL JUST ONE BLOKE. I'M OUT OF MY ***LEAGUE.***

I NEED ***YOURS.***

SO WHAT DO YOU SAY? DO WE HAVE AN ACCORD?

KILL THE ENGLISHMAN.

BURN THE BODY, AND SCATTER THE ASHES TO THE WIND.

...

...WAIT. WHAT?

WH-WHAT ABOUT THE *MAN IN BLACK?!* WITH THE *KRYPTONIAN MEDALLION--?*

WAS HE ONE OF YOURS? 'CAUSE HE CAN DO THINGS EVEN *I'VE* NEVER SEEN--!

HOLD.

TELL ME OF THIS...

...*MAN IN BLACK.*

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

Professor ADAM STRANGE--

Forgive me, Mr. Wayne. All I have written heretofore is for naught.

ALARM! RAISE THE ALARM!

WE'VE A MONSTER BELOWDECKS!

I should have gone in her stead. I should have been a MAN.

I SAW IT! LURKING IN THE SHADOWS!

SOME AWFUL THING, CRAWLED UP FROM THE DEEP--!

Yet I merely stood by...

GREEN AS A BLOATED CORPSE, IT WAS! AND ITS EYES...

GOD HELP US, ITS EYES AFLAME--!

GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF, MAN! HAVE YOU BEEN AT THE RUM?!

And now ALL IS LOST.

SHOW HIM GENTLENESS, STRANGE ADAM.

THIS MAN KNOWS TRUE FEAR.

SHE is lost.

I SWORE TO PROTECT THIS VESSEL, AND I SHALL.

IF INDEED WE CARRY A STOWAWAY THAT IS NOT OF YOUR WORLD...

...THEN PERHAPS IT IS OF *MINE.*

SHOW YOURSELF, HIDDEN ONE. BE NOT AFRAID.

OFFER PEACE, AND I SHALL SHARE OF IT GLADLY.

OFFER WAR...AND THAT IS ANOTHER MATTER...

YOU ARE NOT LIKE THESE...

...LESSER MORTALS.

I AM AS THE GODS MADE ME.

THUS ARE WE ALL.

INTERESTING. YOUR HEART IS OPEN, YET YOUR MIND REMAINS... **GUARDED.**

YOU ARE NO DAUGHTER OF **KRYPTON.**

I **ABJURE** THE NAME!

THEIR HEEDLESS ARROGANCE WROUGHT ONLY **DOOM**--AND BY OUR SEERS, WOULD AGAIN!

I HAVE VOWED TO **PRESERVE** LIFE, SHOULD THE BLESSED FATES ALLOW.

AH. A **THEMYSCIRAN,** THEN.

STRANGE. I HAD THOUGHT YOUR PEOPLE **SCOURED** FROM THIS WORLD.

SO MUCH THE BETTER. WE ARE ***BOTH*** OF US STRANGERS HERE.

NOT ENEMIES, PERHAPS, BUT ***ALLIES.***

AYE...?

AND WHAT MANNER OF ALLY SNEAKS ABOARD UNINVITED--BEARING THE CRAFT OF ***KRYPTON*** ABOUT HIS NECK?

THE WEAPON OF THE ENEMY MAY BE TURNED AGAINST ITS PURPOSE.

YET DOES NOT THIS VERY VESSEL CARRY RELICS OF THAT FALLEN EMPIRE...?

HISTORY SPEAKS ITS TRUTH IN OLD STONES.

AS FOR YOUR OWN TRUTH, THE CORD OF HESTIA ***TREMBLES***--FOR YOU ARE ***NOT*** AS YOU SEEM!

DIVINE MAGIC?

THE OLD GODS ARE *DEAD.*

YET THEIR POWER COMPELS US STILL!

WHO ARE YOU? *SPEAK TRULY--!*

I...

...AM THE *LAST SON...*

...OF A *DOOMED PLANET...*

AND I COME TO YOUR WORLD...

...TO HUNT THE MAN...

...WHO LAID WASTE TO MINE!

SMALLVILLE.

TELEGRAPH

SHERIFF KENT? LOIS LANE, *DAILY PLANET.*

HAVING SEEN YOUR HANDIWORK WITH THOSE ***RUFFIANS*** EARLIER, I UNDERSTAND WHY FOLKS AROUND HERE CALL YOU THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE.

WELL, I--I'D NEVER HAVE CONSIDERED MYSELF ANY SUCH THING, MISS LANE...

THAT IS, UNTIL I MET YOU.

FINE MANNERS, TOO.

I UNDER-STAND A WILD WEST TRAVELING SHOW'S OPENING TONIGHT.

BEING SUCH A GENTLEMAN, PERHAPS YOU MIGHT ACCOMPANY ME?

SHERIFF

OFFICE & JAIL

MISS LANE, IT WOULD BE MY ABSOLUTE PLEASURE.

GOT YOURSELF A SPRING IN YOUR STEP THERE, CLARK.

WHAT CAN I SAY? IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY!

BEST ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN, LAWMAN.

LIKE AS NOT IT'S YOUR LAST.

JUST ABOUT HAD MY FILL OF THESE REPROBATES, I SWEAR.

ABOUT WHICH, CAN YOU WATCH 'EM TONIGHT? I PROMISED TO TAKE ***LANA*** TO THE SHOW.

WE BEEN COURTIN' A WHILE NOW AND, WELL, I FIGURE IT'S PAST TIME I POPPED THE QUESTION!

ACTUALLY, ROSS, I--I WAS, *uh...*

...I WAS GOING TO... SUGGEST THAT MYSELF!

THEN I BEST GO GET MYSELF PRESENTABLE!

THANKS, CLARK. YOU'RE THE LAST OF THE GOOD ONES!

THAT'S... WHAT I HEAR.

My Dear Miss Lane, Regrettably, I find duty compels me to decline your kind invitation

FOLKS COME SEE THE SHERIFF, TRADITIONALLY THEY'LL COME IN THROUGH THE **FRONT** DOOR.

I HEARKEN TO AN OLDER TRADITION.

MUCH OLDER.

EL DIABLO. THE INFAMOUS **MESMERIST.**

IF YOU'RE HERE TO BEG CLEMENCY FOR YOUR **COLLEAGUES,** I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I'LL BE WRITING TO THE JUDGE, TO PLEAD THEY DON'T HANG.

NO. YOU WILL RELEASE THEM.

...YES. I WILL RELEASE THEM.

klink!

GOOD BOY.

NOW SIT.

SLIPKNOT, TIE HIM DOWN.

I OWE THIS MAN A BULLET.

GUNPLAY WOULD BRING THE WRONG KIND OF ATTENTION, ***DEADSHOT...***

...WHILE THE GOOD SHERIFF HELPS US WITH OUR INQUIRIES.

33 YEARS AGO, A ***SHOOTING STAR*** FELL TO EARTH IN THESE PARTS.

YOU KNOW OF THIS, YES?

...Y-YES.

B-***BLACK CONDOR***... SAW THE THUNDERBIRD... MAKE ITS NEST...ON THE PLAIN...

AND FROM ITS ***EGG***, I--I...

WE AIN'T HERE FER ***HEATHEN FAIRY TALES***, YA HALF-WIT!

THE FALLEN STAR! WHERE IS IT?

WE KEPT THE SECRET... ALL THESE YEARS...

...AS THE TOWN...ROSE AROUND US...

AND THE BANK...

...WE HID IT...IN THE ***BANK.***

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS.

MUCH OBLIGED, SHERIFF!

YOU TAKE IT EASY, NOW. WE'LL SEE OURSELVES OUT.

WHUPPH!

SHOWTIME.

CITY DRUGSTORE

WELCOME, ONE AN' ALL, TO ***HARLEY QUINN'S WILDEST OF WILD WEST EXTRAVAGANZAS!***

WE GOT ONE ***HELL*** OF A SHOW FOR YA TONIGHT! AN' I USE THE TERM ADVISEDLY!

THOSE OF YOU WITH A FEARFUL DISPOSITION WILL RIGHTLY QUAIL AT THE SIGHT OF THE ***KILLER CROC!***

DREDGED UP FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE LOUISIANA BAYOU! HALF MAN, HALF REPTILE!

LOUISIANA'S SOUTH, NOT WEST. STRICTLY SPEAKING, WE'RE TRADING UNDER FALSE PRETENSES HERE.

HUSH, YA BIG LIZARD! I'M TRYNNA WARM UP A CROWD HERE!

NOW PUT THE FEAR INTO 'EM!

RAHHH

STICKIN' WITH THE LIZARDLY THEME, HERE'S ***COPPER-HEAD!***

COLD-BLOODED AN' QUICK AS A SNAKEBITE! CAST OUT BY THE APACHES FER HIS UNNATURAL AFFINITY FER ALL THINGS VENOMOUS!

THIS IS BENEATH ME.

LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.

THUNKK!

AND, *uh*...EVEN THE STRONGEST-WILLED AMONG YOU WILL FIND YOURSELVES COMPELLED BY THE HYPNOTIC GAZE OF ***EL DIABLO!***

WHO I'M HOPIN' WILL BE JOININ' US... ANYTIME...HERE-ABOUTS...?

BUT WHERE, I HEAR YOU ASK, ARE OUR MOST ***NOTORIOUS RENEGADES?***

THE UNCANNY ***DEADSHOT,*** WHO CAN SHOOT THE STINGERS RIGHT OFF A SWARM OF ORNERY HORNETS?

THE IRREPRESSIBLE ***SLIPKNOT,*** TRICK ROPER EXTRA-ORDINAIRE?

SAD TO SAY, THEY'RE PRESENTLY INDISPOSED...

BUT DON'T YOU FRET NONE, 'CAUSE WE GOT A SPECIAL ***SURPRISE*** TA MAKE UP FER IT! ONE YOU'LL REMEMBER AS LONG AS YA LIVE!

TAKE A PEEK UNDER THE BLEACHERS...

THAT'S RIGHT! A BUNDLE O' ***DYNAMITE*** FOR EACH AN' EVERY ONE O' YA! ALL WIRED UP AN' READY TA BLOW!

NOW, DON'T Y'ALL EVEN ***THINK*** ABOUT ATTEMPTING NO HEROICS. BELIEVE ME, HEROES DIE SOONER'N MOST!

COVER FOR ME, JIMMY.

MISS LANE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?!

WHAT I CAN.

I DO LOVE ME A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE. SEE, I WAS BORN TO THE STAGE. THE VAUDEVILLE LIMELIGHT, THAT WAS MY SUN AND MOON.

BUT SOME FELLAS FIGURED THAT ALLOWED 'EM CERTAIN ***PRIVILEGES.*** THEY STEPPED OVER THE ***LINE.***

SO I TOOK STEPS OF MY OWN.

ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER, AN'...WELL, ONE MINUTE YOU'RE THE DARLIN' OF GOTHAM, THE NEXT YOU'RE THE DARLIN' OF ***ARKHAM!***

BUT ME AN' MY PSYCHIATRIST, WE WORKED THINGS OUT. IN FACT I LEFT HIM WITH A BIG OL' ***SMILE,*** ALL THE WAY FROM ***HERE...***

...TO ***HERE.***

WHICH BRINGS US TA THE ***AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION*** PART OF THE SHOW!

SO! WHICH OF YOU FINE FOLKS WANTS TA TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TA THAT OL' ***SHOOTIN' STAR*** THAT FELL IN THESE PARTS...?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK, HARLEY.

BACK ALREADY, MR. SCOTT?

FIGURED YOU'D BE JOINING THE SHOW.

I FIND THEM AN UNSAVORY LOT, IN TRUTH.

NO, I BELIEVE I'LL TAKE SUPPER IN MY ROOM, THANK YOU.

IT'S BEEN A LONG AND FRUSTRATING DAY, AND I FEEL A NEED TO BE ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS...

...AND WITH ***YOU!***

WHY DID YOU BRING ME TO THIS BACKWATER TOWN? WHAT IS OUR ***PURPOSE*** HERE?

SPEAK, DAMN YOU!

YOU FIRST.

ONE MAN MADE IT OFF THAT TRAIN ALIVE.

ONE MAN *FOOL* ENOUGH TO *ADVERTISE* HIS ENTERPRISE.

Y-YOU'RE ONE OF *THEM*, AREN'T YOU?

THOSE... *MASKED ASSASSINS!*

WHAT DID YOU *DO* TO THEM?

THEY--YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! THE RING IS *MINE!*

IT KNOWS ME! IT *CHOSE* ME!

BUNKUM.

IT--IT WHISPERS TO ME, IN MY DREAMS. SHOWS ME THINGS. AWFUL THINGS...

I FEAR... SOMETHING *TERRIBLE* IS ABOUT TO BE UNLEASHED!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

t-chak!

HLKK--!

Boom!

APOLOGIES FER THE HOUR. I'M GUESSIN' YOU'LL BE THE NIGHT MANAGER?

I'M **HARLEY QUINN,** PROPRIETOR OF THE TRAVELIN' SHOW, AND I'D LIKE TA MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TA SECURE OUR **TAKIN'S.**

-Khaff!-
-Koff--!-

BY WHICH I MEAN...

ALL YA GOT? WE'LL **TAKE** IT!

fc SSSSS

WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT?

SOME NEWFANGLED CONTRAPTION?

WHICH FRANKLY SEEMS THE KINDA THING LUTHOR'S LIKE TA FRET OVER.

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAWPIN', YA BIG LIZARD! OPEN IT!

OH MY.

THREE TIMES SHALL I FLAME GREEN, IT SAID.

ONCE TO BRING DEATH, AND IT DID. ONCE TO BRING LIFE, AND IT DID. ONCE TO BRING POWER, AND IT...

...DID NOTHING.

SPARE ME THE METAPHYSICAL THEATRICS. I KNOW YOUR STORY, ALAN SCOTT. YOU'VE LIVED A LIFE OF LIES.

NO MORE.

...YOU'RE RIGHT. NO MORE.

I AM SICK AND TIRED OF BEING AFRAID ALL THE TIME. OF PRETENDING TO BE...SOMETHING OTHER THAN MYSELF.

I DIDN'T CHOOSE THIS. IT CHOSE ME.

THIS IS MY TRUTH.

MY DUTY...

WHUMPH!

MY SECTOR!

RRMMM

...

...WELL, THAT CAN'T BE GOOD.

MMBBLLL

AT LAST...

AT LAST!

NNNAAAGHH

NO! IT HAS BEGUN.

I MUST DEPART, WHILE TIME REMAINS--

TAKE ME WITH YOU--!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD...?

IN ALL HONESTY, I--

--I DON'T THINK IT'S ST. ELMO'S FIRE.

THE ENEMY IS HERE!

DECLARE YOUR INTENTIONS, SCION OF KRYPTON!

LADIES. GENTLEMEN.

IT'S BEEN A NIGHT OF SURPRISES ALL 'ROUND, I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE. BUT LET'S SETTLE DOWN.

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ

TO BE CONTINUED!

ABOUT THE CREATORS

ANDY DIGGLE

Andy Diggle began his comics career somewhat inauspiciously running the comics section of the Sherratt & Hughes bookshop in Croydon. His university dissertation on comics technique led to him teaching an undergraduate course on graphic narrative the following year. He became the editor of the seminal British sci-fi comics magazine *2000 AD* in the year 2000 before moving on to become a full-time writer. Since then, he has co-created Vertigo's *The Losers*—adapted into a major motion picture by Warner Bros.—and written *Green Arrow: Year One*, *Hellblazer*, *Adam Strange*, *Swamp Thing*, *Silent Dragon*, *Lenny Zero*, *Judge Dredd vs. Aliens* (with John Wagner), *The Punisher*, and *Guy Ritchie's Gamekeeper*, also in development in Hollywood. He currently divides his time between comics and screenwriting. Born and bred in London, he currently lives in northwest England...but can't wait to get back.

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ

Leandro Fernández is a comic book artist and creator born in Argentina in 1973. He has co-created books like *The Old Guard* (with Greg Rucka, Image Comics), *American Carnage* (with Bryan Hill, DC Vertigo), *The Discipline* and *The Names* (with Peter Milligan, Image Comics and DC Vertigo), and *Far South* (with Rodolfo Santullo, Puro Comic Ediciones). *The Old Guard* was adapted as a movie by Netflix and released in 2020. It was directed by Gina Prince-Bythewood with Charlize Theron in the leading role. Currently, a sequel is in development with new members in the cast including Uma Thurman. Fernández has drawn comics for Marvel Comics, DC Comics, Dark Horse, Oni Press, and other companies around the world. He currently lives in Barcelona.

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH

Born in southern California in 1968, Matt Hollingsworth began his comics career in 1991. Since then, he has worked as a color artist for most of the major American comic book publishers, contributing to such titles as *Preacher*, *Tom Strong*, *Catwoman*, *The Filth*, *Hellboy*, *Hawkeye*, *We Stand on Guard*, *Wytches*, *Alias*, *Daredevil*, and *Tokyo Ghost*. In 2004, while living in Los Angeles, he embarked on a two-year stint in the world of visual effects that led to assignments on seven feature films, including *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*, *Serenity*, and his personal favorite, *Surf's Up*. In his free time, he makes beer and is heavily involved in the beer scene in Croatia, where he lives with his wife and son.

DAVE STEWART

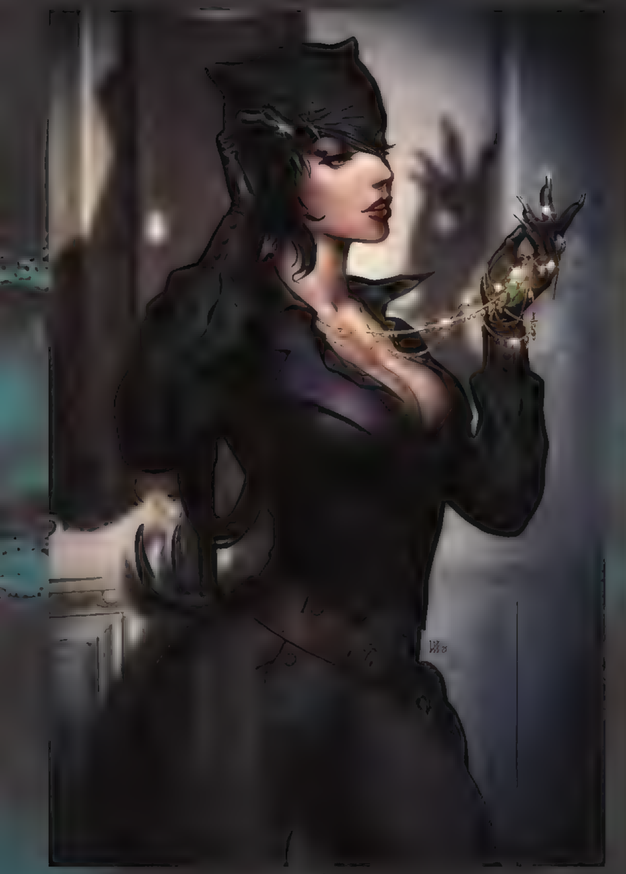
Dave Stewart began his career as an intern at Dark Horse before moving on to coloring comics. An artist in his own right, Stewart's stunning and versatile work has made him one of the industry's most sought-after color stylists. His credits include *Batman*, *Superman*, *Batman/The Spirit*, *Conan*, *B.P.R.D.*, and *Hellboy*. His industry awards include nine Eisners and five Harveys. He currently resides in Portland, Oregon, with his wife, Michelle, and three black cats.

VARIANT COVER GALLERY

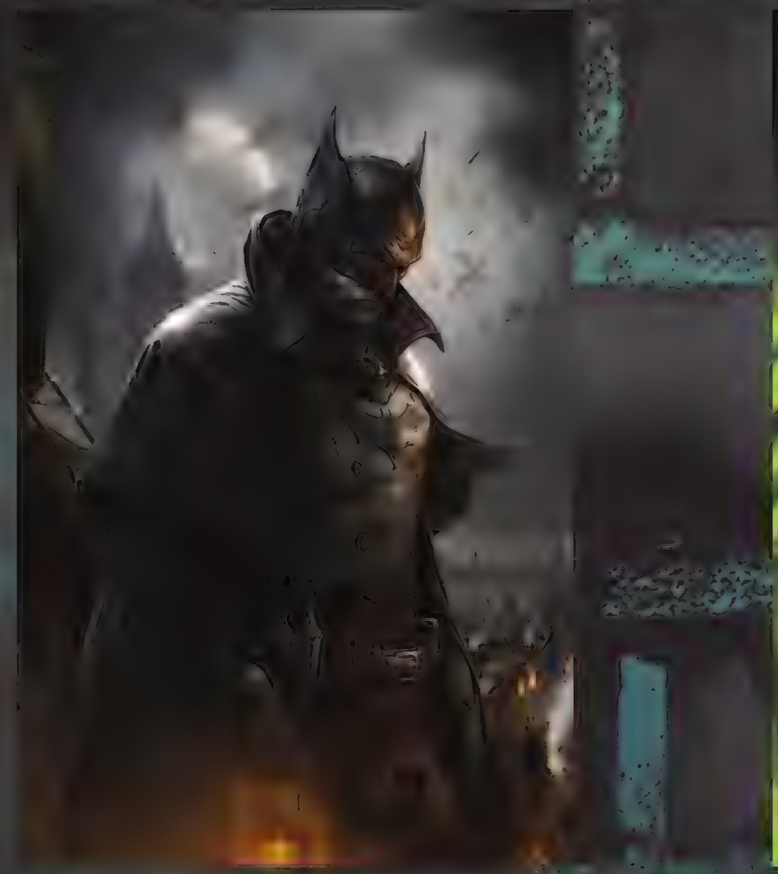
Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #1
variant cover art by **Jock**

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #3
variant cover art by **Francesco Francavilla**

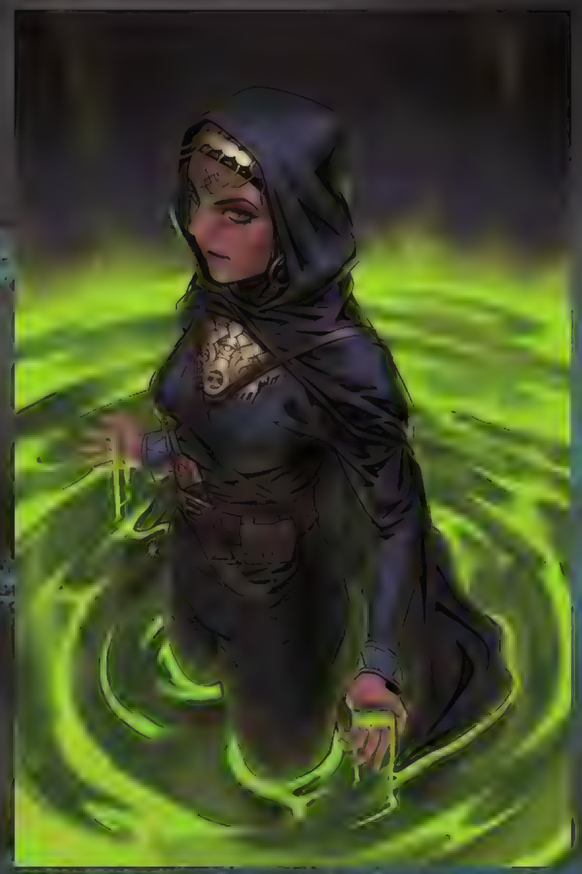
Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #6
variant cover art by **Edwin Galmon**



Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #1
variant cover art by **Kendrick "Kunkka" Lim**



Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #1
variant cover art by **Francesco Mattina**



Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #2
variant cover art by **Ejikure**

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #3
variant cover art by **Felipe Massafera**

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #2
variant cover art by **Riley Rossmo**

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #2
variant cover art by **Denys Cowan**

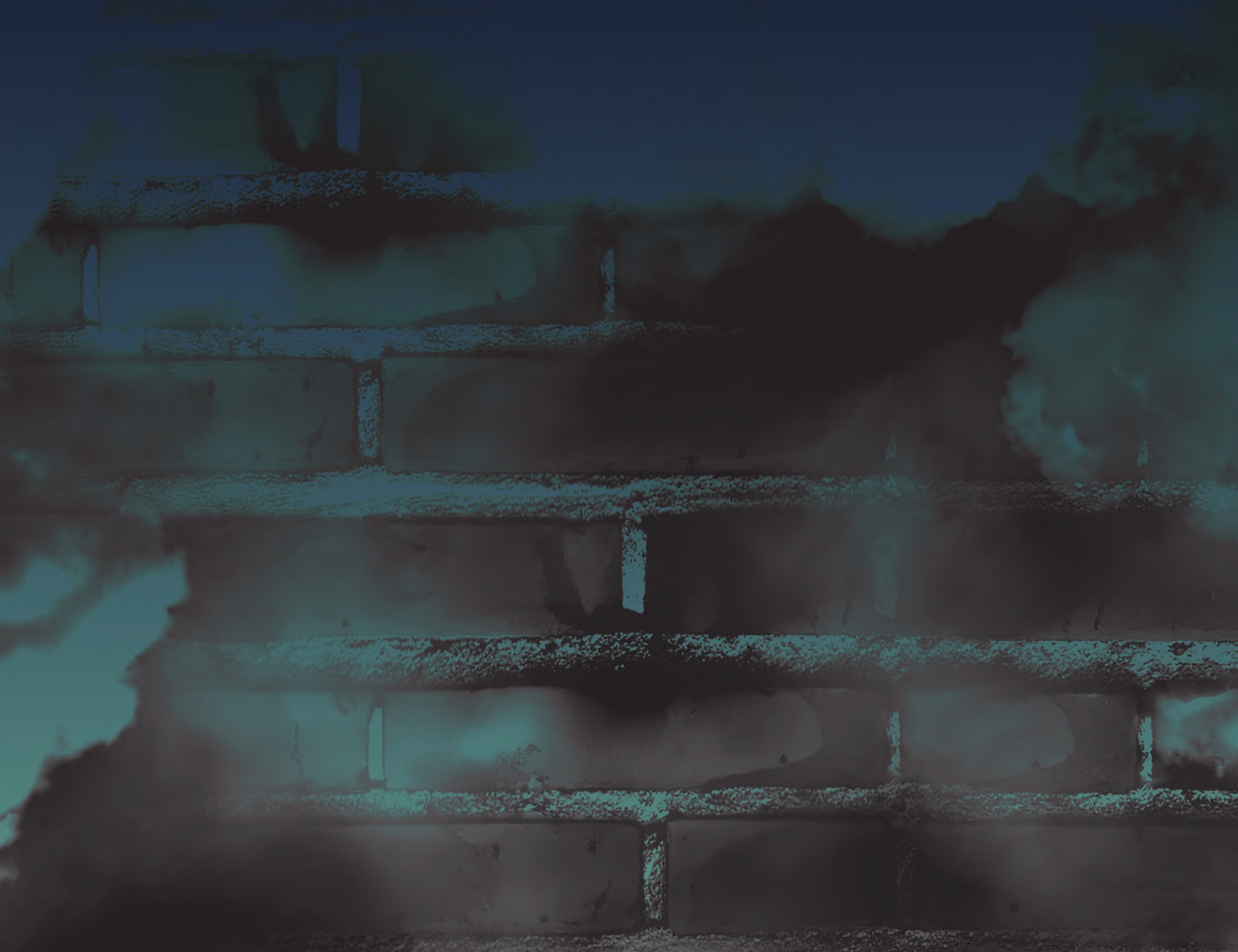
Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #4
variant cover art by **Martin Simmonds**

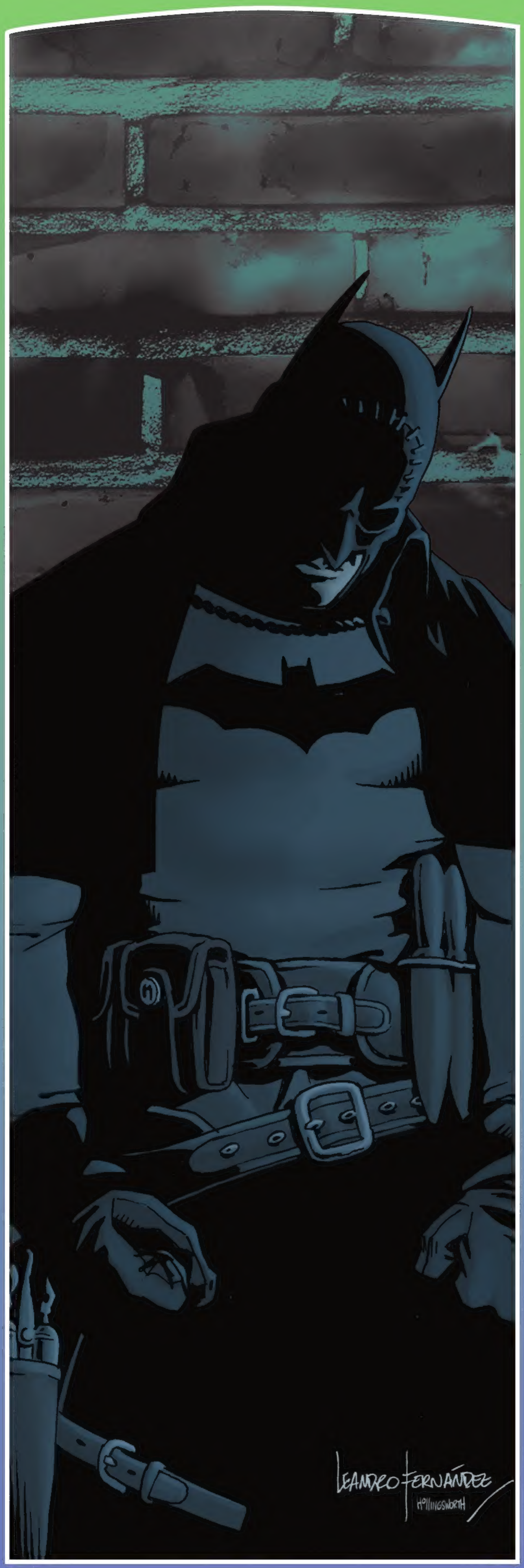
Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #4
variant cover art by **Chris Weston**

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #5
variant cover art by **Alex Maleev**

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #5
variant cover art by **Marco Santucci**

Batman Gotham by Gaslight: The Kryptonian Age #6
variant cover art by **Javier Fernández**




LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ
HOLLINGSWORTH

GOTHAM HAS SURVIVED HISTORY'S DEADLIEST KILLER. CAN IT SURVIVE ITS STRANGEST VISITOR?

The year is 1893, and Gotham City is flourishing under the eye of the Batman when he uncovers a conspiracy about an ancient Kryptonian Age. Propelled into action by a fateful encounter between Catwoman and the League of Shadows, the Dark Knight must go beyond the confines of Gotham City to uncover the truth behind the mysterious past and encounter strange new allies along the way.

The new era of Elseworlds kicks off with the return of its crown jewel, the gothic world originated by Brian Augustyn and Mike Mignola. Superstar duo **ANDY DIGGLE** (*Action Comics*, *Poison Ivy*) and **LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ** (*Batman*, *Birds of Prey*) breathe new life into the legend of the Victorian-era Gotham City and its dark guardian.

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"